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Edited by *Mr. Mitchell Chapple*

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HOUSE COMMITTEE ON AGRICULTURE AT WORK ON THE BEVERIDGE BILL

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|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 Gilbert N. Haugen, Iowa | 6 William L. Lorimer, Illinois | 10 South Trimble, Kentucky | 15 George W. Cromer, Indiana |
| 2 John Lamb, Virginia | 7 E. S. Candler, Mississippi | 11 Henry C. Adams, Wisconsin | 16 Charles F. Scott, Kansas |
| 3 Daniel F. Fegau, Pennsylvania | 8 James W. McMillan, New York | 12 Charles R. Davis, Minnesota | 17 Charles A. Hamilton, Ohio |
| 4 William F. Fegau, South Carolina | 9 Sydney J. Bowie, Alabama | 13 Charles R. Davis, Minnesota | 18 E. Stevens Henry, Connecticut |
| 5 Kittridge Haskins, Vermont | | 14 Franklin E. Brooks, Colorado | |

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

DRAMATIC and picturesque events succeeded each other swiftly during the closing days of a congressional session. Long and wearisome night sittings are held in the effort to crowd all the arrears of necessary work into the few remaining days.

The atmosphere in the Capitol was hot and stifling. Even the screens which shut off the legislators in "staid and decorous days" had been removed. Everything was discarded that might exclude even the lightest current of fresh air. In this oven-like atmosphere there was scurrying and hurrying hither and thither, as perspiring members strove to look after conference reports or special private bills.

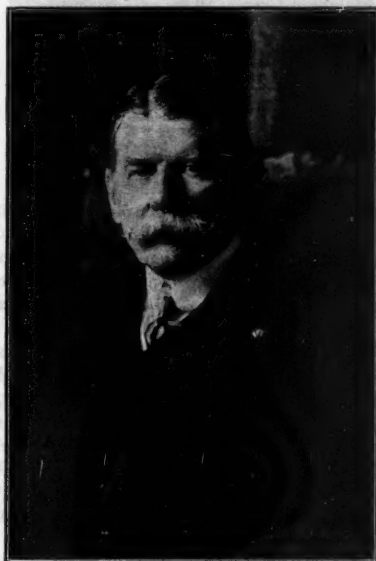
On the day that the public building bill passed the house, it was amusing to see the rush of congressmen to the telegraph office in the corridor to notify folks at home that the "pork bill" had started rolling. It was a rather heavy bill this year, approximating twenty-five million for public building sites. There was not a congress-

man or senator who did not seem to have secured something for his section.

During the night session, an opportunity was given for crowding in a grist of speeches omitted earlier in the session. Some of these orations were dull and prosy, but many were exciting and enlivened with repartee and jokes, which were almost as interesting as a continuous performance at Keith's.

The "tug of war" comes when there is a disagreement during a conference between the senate and the house, and occasionally the struggle entails something like the wearisome experiences of a "hung" jury.

Speaker Cannon had a chart, showing certain phases of the immigration bill, exhibited in front of his desk. The array of bottles and cartons of food stuffs, brought on the floor of the house by Congressman Mann, in the interests of the pure food bill, gave a strange aspect to the session, but the exhibit emphasized the necessity for passing the bill. It may be truly said that this ses-



GENERAL HORACE PORTER

sion of the Fifty-ninth congress has been one of the most notable in our history as a nation. There was a most pronounced departure from supposedly fundamental propositions and unalterable traditions, emphasizing anew the fact that this country does not always reject a matter just because it is new. Public sentiment, crystalized through recent agitation concerning great abuses, passed the rate bill, the pure food bill, the immigration bill, the employers' liability bill, and the meat inspection bill, any one of which would have made this session remarkable. Great uncertainty characterized congressional sentiment during these few closing hours. No one seemed quite sure that the four great measures would actually get through.

There were many dramatic incidents, one of which was the reply of Senator Bailey to magazine criticism. His attitude recalled the picture of Daniel Webster delivering his reply to Hayne. The speech had all the dramatic intensity of an old-time debate in antebellum days. Seldom has a speech so closely riveted attention both on the floor and in the galleries. No sooner was it reported down the corridors that Senator Bailey was speaking, than the members from the house began to pour in and the galleries became crowded. At the close of his fiery address there were rounds of applause, which even the gavel of the presiding officer was unable to check.

At one point he called upon Senator La Follette to rise in his place and testify to his position on certain measures, which he had been accused of opposing.

it without being well posted on the questions of national legislation, concerning which the average student of civil government has only a hazy idea. The speeches, debates and reports of the Fifty-ninth congress are an encyclopedia of modern democracy, and every phase of constitutional government has been "brought within range."

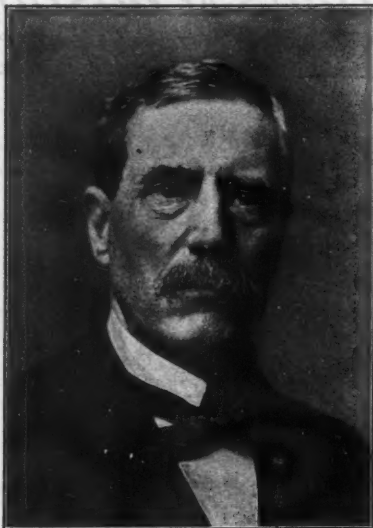
This was the comment made to me by a young German from Stuttgart, who spent several weeks in Washington, and was an interested spectator in the house and senate galleries day after day. He insisted that none of the lecturers in the great universities of this country and Europe could furnish the student so clear an idea of modern government as an attendance at such a session of congress, or even a cursory study of the reports, debates, proceedings and hearings that keep Uncle Sam's great government printing office working overtime.

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IT seems as though in the recorded votes of the Fifty-ninth congress the boundary line of political party has been

often obliterated. Congressmen are coming to realize that independence in thought and action—especially when they spring from sincere conviction and reflect local sentiment—are no handicap in retaining the confidence of constituents.

In all the various committee rooms it is singular to observe the peculiar way in which men find their orbit, and naturally gravitate toward the committee for which they are best fitted by taste and previous training. A young member comes to congress and reads through a list of committees, fixing in his mind the one on which he would wish to serve. Happily the range of committee work is about as wide as that of individual taste among the members, and his prefer-



JUDGE JOHN JAMES JENKINS OF WISCONSIN. MEMBER OF CONGRESS AND CHAIRMAN OF THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE

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DESPITE the general impression that the "Congressional Record" is a ponderous and dull publication, no one can read

ence is sooner or later considered in the assignments, no matter what his party politics may be, and more and more it is coming to be recognized that the essential and permanent value of a congressman's usefulness must find its expression in committee work.

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NO one who visited Paris, during the time that General Horace Porter was United States ambassador to France, can forget his gracious courtesy and the brilliant representation which his country received at his hands. No pages of the "Congressional Record" are brighter than those which contain the address delivered by General Porter at Annapolis, at the memorial ceremonies in honor of John Paul Jones. The address is full of the thrill of history—the story of John Paul Jones reads like a fairy tale of ancient days. The spirit of unwavering courage was displayed when Jones was asked by an enemy who saw his desperate condition if he had struck his flag. He replied: "I've just begun to fight!"

This is the temper that knows no defeat, and it is this spirit that has carried forward our national development.

General Porter has well said, in speaking of John Paul Jones:

"On water he was the wizard of the sea; on the land he showed himself an adept in the realms of diplomacy. While his exploits as a sailor eclipsed by their brilliancy his triumphs as a diplomat, he often proved himself a master both of the science of statecraft and the subtleties of diplomacy."

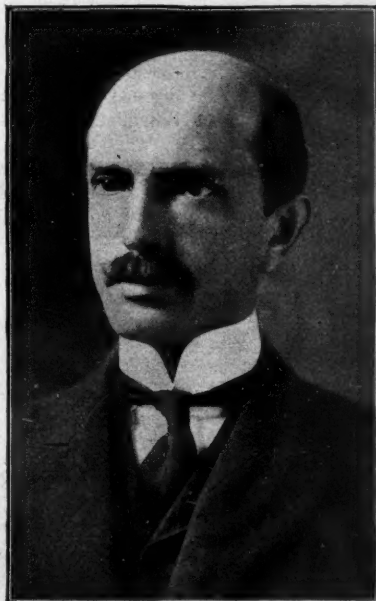
Continuing, the speaker referred to the tribute which General Washington paid to Captain Jones,

"Mr. Jones is clearly not only a master mariner within the scope of the art of navigation, but he also holds a strong and profound sense of the political and military weight of command at sea."

It was Jefferson who entrusted to Jones the delicate diplomatic mission to Holland. General Porter's address might well find a

fitting place in the school books of every American child, for it is replete with valuable information given in the most entertaining manner, concerning an important epoch in history. General Porter has returned to the United States covered with honors, and the crowning distinction of his public life was in securing and returning to his nation the remains of the man who will ever remain the naval ideal of the nation. General Porter's success in this service, has revived history and cemented a feeling of international good feeling, that will remain a permanent and enduring benefit to his country.

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REPRESENTATIVE C. R. THOMAS, NORTH CAROLINA.
ONE OF THE BRIGHT, ENERGETIC YOUNG CONGRESSMEN FROM THE SOUTH.

CONGRESSMAN THOMAS of North Carolina has made a fine record in the interests of his district and state. He is an attractive speaker and made an effective and successful fight to secure \$5,000 for damages to the Masonic Lodge at New Bern during the war. His grip was tenacious, and he hung on until he won the day in the interests of his district, which are always uppermost in his mind.

His record shows one million dollars in appropriations for his district.

He made a strong speech on the Philippine tariff bill, and entered a strong plea on behalf of the Southern farmer and planter. He kept in mind the interests of the strawberry grower in his speech, during the discussion of the Hepburn bill, representing the strawberry belt of North Carolina.

A student of tireless energy, Congressman Thomas is entitled to the splendid confidence

public men. A trip on a Pacific Mail steamer is undertaken with but little more forethought than is bestowed upon a street car ride; and a little vacation in Japan is quite the usual thing, whereas in the days of Commodore Perry such a journey was regarded as an arduous enterprise. Now, a government minister, a senator or congressman, who wants to learn facts in reference to a certain question or situation, simply takes a railroad train or steamer, and goes regardless of distance, to the place where the desired information may be obtained. When he returns he really knows whereof he speaks. It is largely due to this travel spirit that legislation was never more thorough, subjects never more thoughtfully discussed or information better digested, than in the past session of the Fifty-ninth Congress.



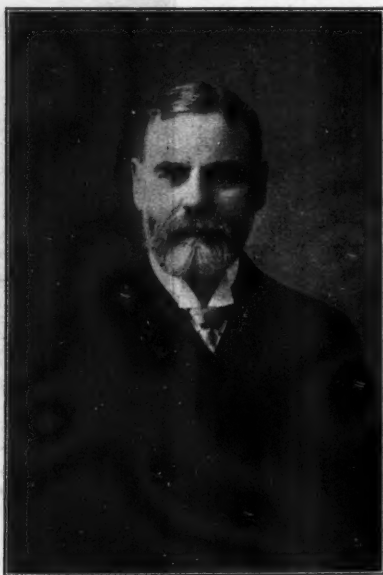
JOSEPH M. DIXON OF MONTANA, WHO REPRESENTS IN CONGRESS THE LARGEST SINGLE DISTRICT

and popularity which he enjoys in his district, and reflects credit upon the old North State.

Among appropriations secured by him are a new revenue cutter costing \$175,000, the best equipped in the service; and the postoffice building at Goldsboro. This is his fourth term of service. He has been a strong friend of Boston in the matter of a new custom house. On the committee on public buildings, he will be the second, ranking, democratic member in the Sixtieth Congress.

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IT is remarkable to how great an extent travel to the farthestmost parts of the earth has come into vogue among American



CONGRESSMAN JAMES R. MANN OF ILLINOIS. CONCEDED TO BE THE MOST INDUSTRIOUS MAN IN THE HOUSE. HE HAD CHARGE OF THE PURE FOOD BILL

THE day that I lunched with Judge W. I. Smith of Iowa, I met Secretary Taft in the house lunch room. He was taking a respite from answering a long series of questions regarding the canal situation. He laughed when I recalled the lunch in his

cabinet quarters, which had consisted of a rosy apple and a sandwich, but here he was permitted the congressional half and half — milk and cream and other good things found in the great "pie belt".

Secretary Taft is a hard worker, as any cabinet minister must be who keeps in person's touch with the house of representatives, but as I looked upon his sturdy form, I concluded that his shoulders were broad enough to bear the load, even though, Atlas-like, he carries a good portion of the world's surface upon them; for he is responsible for the work done on the Panama Canal, which has now submerged the regular routine in the War Department. The spade, dredge and shovel have supplanted in these days the use of the sabre and cannon. The prediction was made by the secretary, that the canal would be completed in 1914, and I understood that the recent earthquakes have not changed the original purpose of having a lock canal. It is difficult for persons not initiated, or actually on the spot, to understand the large number of preliminaries necessary in reference to this work. The eager desire to "see the dirt fly" cannot be complied with until other essentials are attended to, such as the erection of necessary buildings—getting a good foundation, so to speak, that the actual work may not be delayed for lack of proper supplies. The handicaps in this work are grasped by the forelock, as it were, and Secretary Taft has a strong grip.

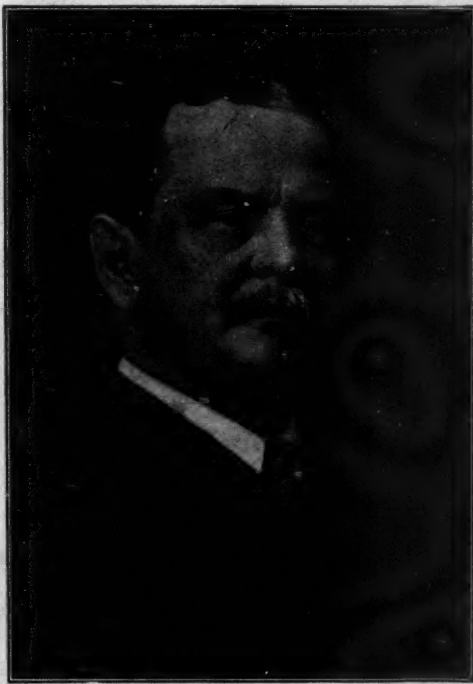
WALKING down Thirteenth street, across the Mall, along a picturesque avenue lined on either side with beautiful trees, one comes upon a modest red building surmounting a terrace, flanked on either side by pagodas — this is the home of the Agricultural Department. On a hot July day, I walked between the stretches of greensward on the Mall and entered the gardens. The hydrants were near at hand, and many boys were at work in the garden "patches." Here was indeed

a concrete introduction, indicating something of what is being done by the agricultural department. The entrance to these grounds somewhat resembles the entrance at San Souci, and calls up visions of Frederick the Great pacing the "walk".

The home of the Agricultural Department stands under the shadow of the stately Washington monument, and on either side of the path, huge beds of pansies gleam and glow in royal purples and yellows. It was early when I

made my visit, and the flowers seemed to smile up at me in the morning sunlight. I recalled the legend of our childhood, when we studied the pansies to discover the "two faces under one hood." Before the building was a span of horses and a carriage, for it was approaching cabinet time.

Inside, in a very modest office adorned with the trophies reaped from his work, I found Secretary Wilson leaning back in his chair and studying assiduously as though once more a



CHARLES S. FRANCIS, AMBASSADOR TO AUSTRIA. A NEWSPAPER EDITOR WHO HAS MADE HIS WAY IN DIPLOMATIC CIRCLES



HONORABLE STEPHEN B. ELKINS, WEST VIRGINIA, ONE OF THE MOST ACTIVE WORKERS IN THE SENATE, AND REPRESENTATIVE OF THE GREAT "UNDISCOVERED STATE"

college student; but now he was poring over the "Congressional Records"—extra editions, perhaps—and other documents of like character, for this department requires unremitting and earnest work. On the walls were portraits of Secretary Wilson's predecessors. In the anteroom, was a man who had

come to see if he could not secure some rose bushes from the department, for the reason that his good wife had been a nurse with General Phil Sheridan in the Civil war.

In conversation with Secretary Wilson, I was surprised to learn that it has been discovered that even the ground granite such

as is used in making macadamized roads furnishes some of the elements of a good fertilizer, and I carefully recorded the fact for my farmer friends. There seems to be no other department of the government that the people regard as so exclusively their own as the Agricultural Department.

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SEATED at his desk, after a long, wearying day at the close of the session, I found Judge John J. Jenkins, chairman of the house judiciary committee. He drew

the most expeditious assignments on any house committee. This report on the regulation or corporations presents the vital and essential features of the legislation of the past session, passed upon by this committee.

Forty thousand copies of Judge Jenkins' rate bill speech have been sold and distributed. Some years ago he began a study of the corporation question as it exists today, forming strictly constitutional and legal remedies to meet the existing evils, and the trend of present day legislation has justified his predictions. His speech on Cuba was



NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS AT WORK AT THE CAPITOL, WHERE NOTABLE SIGHTS AND SCENES HAVE BEEN RECORDED

a long sigh of relief as he picked up the papers on which he had been working. He occupies the position on this committee which was once held by Daniel Webster, Ex-President Buchanan, Thomas Reed, Senator Culberson of Texas, and many other well-known men, and during the past session Judge Jenkins has done important committee work. The house judiciary committee prepared a report in ten days, subscribed to by all the members, a feat which is accounted one of

another well-prepared effort. When the speeches of a congressman are sold, it is regarded as a profitable transaction for Uncle Sam.

Wisconsin has taken a prominent place in recent years with five important chairmanships, and has reached a strength equal to that of the Empire State.

Judge Jenkins is an Englishman by birth. He has made his way without college education, and his career is certainly an inspira-

tion to other workers. He is now known as one of the most thorough and able authorities on legal matters in the house.

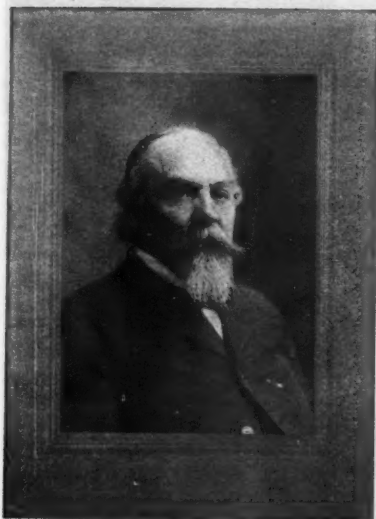
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DOWN under the terrace of the Capitol I found the chairman of the committee on labor, Congressman J. J. Gardner of New Jersey, who has served in congress for fourteen years. He had just completed an arduous day's work, but congress was still in session, and we sat late into the night chatting. It was nearing eleven o'clock when I went to see this busy congressman, who was in his shirt sleeves working hard, indifferent

forward to a delightful surf bath on the New Jersey coast when I visit the district of Mr. Gardner.

o o o

ABOUT the busiest committee on the senate side of the house for months past has been that of Interstate Commerce. In the main committee room there is always a mass of documents, and much important business is transacted here. There are records of some of the most interesting hearings on the calendar, for it was here that the railroad rate proposition was probed and dissected.



CONGRESSMAN JOHN J. GARDNER, THE PHILOSOPHER AND FARMER REPRESENTING THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW JERSEY



THEOBOLD OTJEN OF WISCONSIN, ON COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS. A SPLENDID TYPE OF THE CONSCIENTIOUS CONGRESSMAN

to all else, in his efforts to get matters all properly closed up.

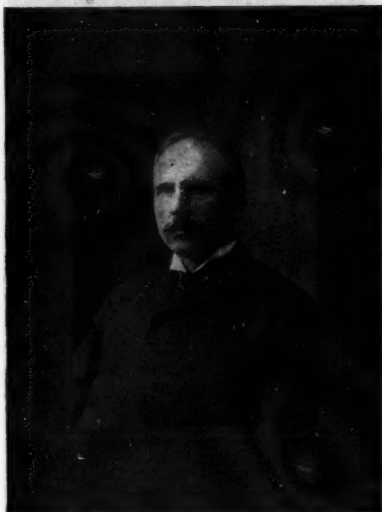
Mr. Gardner is a philosopher as well as a farmer, and few men have been more forceful in a quiet way in national legislation. His home is in Egg Harbor City, and Atlantic City is included in his district. He represents agricultural, seaside resorts and manufacturing interests, but every part of his work alike engages his attention. It has long been my ambition to meet every congressman in his home, as well as to know him personally in Washington, and now I am looking

In the room adjoining this main room, the burly form of Senator Elkins presents a picture of power and determination. His early public life, when he represented a territory, gave him a taste of the broad spirit of the great Southwest. At that time, as a young representative, he made a most effective plea for the statehood of New Mexico, but a very trivial incident threw the balance against him. He had just emerged from the cloak room and was met by a fellow member, now Senator Burrows from Michigan, who had made a telling speech which brought

forth much applause. Mr. Elkins congratulated him upon it, but it seemed that this same speech had offended some of the allies of Mr. Elkins, and when they saw him shaking hands with the speaker who had met with their disapproval, they jumped to the conclusion that they had been deserted on a matter which had been already "put on the slate." Just then a vote was called, and the general impression was that it would go in favor of New Mexico, but it went otherwise. Like a flash it dawned on the young representative that the mere act of congratulating a fellow member on his speech had lost for his state the statehood clause,

for centuries, have been rediscovered and West Virginia now occupies a prominent place in the sisterhood of states, and is in line for rapid development. The industrial extension of this portion of the Old Dominion state—which joined the sisterhood only within the last half century—is indeed marvelous.

Senator Elkins is fond of automobile riding, and is genial and jovial on all occasions; whether speeding through the avenues of Washington; in an exciting moment on the floor of the senate; in the wear and tear of ordinary work, or in the whirr and keen interest of some committee room examination. He is a conspicuous figure, and has certainly



EDWARD L. HAMILTON OF MICHIGAN. HAD CHARGE OF THE TERRITORY AND STATEHOOD BILL, UNDER WHICH OKLAHOMA WAS MADE A STATE



DANIEL F. LAFFAN OF PENNSYLVANIA. A YOUNG CONGRESSMAN WHO HAS DONE EFFECTIVE WORK DURING THE PRESENT SESSION

which he believed had at last been won as the result of several years' work.

The service rendered in the cabinet, and as senator for West Virginia—the great undiscovered state—has made Senator Elkins a strong man, and he has retained to the full all that ability which characterized his earlier years. Much of the wonderful development of West Virginia, which has rivalled that of the pushing states west of the Mississippi, has been due to the untiring and courageous work of such men as Senator Elkins. The great resources of this state, though dormant

been a powerful and efficient representative for the state which he loves; for whose welfare he has done so much. We may not agree at all times with the position which he takes on public questions, but there never has been a moment in his career in which he has wavered in regard to the interests of his own state.

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DURING the long Summer evenings it is interesting to visit the different hotels in which the congressmen and senators are

located. The Cairo is situated some distance from the Capitol, but there has been a jolly lot of legislators registered there. Among those whom I met one evening was Congressman Dixon of Montana, who enjoys the distinction of having the largest district in area of any represented in the house of representatives. It includes the entire state

on is facetiously called "the third senator from Montana." He has a wide range of duties, which he has cared for in a manner characteristic of the vigor of the Rocky Mountain states. His work as chairman on the Mines and Mining committee has been especially notable, and he has given energetic attention to the work of the Public Lands com-



ANDREW CARNEGIE AND WIFE ON THEIR WAY TO THE STEAMER FOR THEIR SOJOURN AT SKIBO CASTLE, SCOTLAND

of Montana 800 miles long and 400 wide—in fact, almost equal to the entire distance from Washington to Chicago.

Mr. Dixon is a young man who was practicing law at Missoula, the Athens of Montana, when chosen to represent his state in the halls of congress. Montana has but one congressman and two senators, and Mr. Dix-

mittee. It is interesting to chat with him concerning the achievements of the present session, for he is thoroughly in love with his work. Though Mr. Dixon represents Montana, he was born in North Carolina, near the birthplace of Speaker Joseph C. Cannon. It appears that North Carolina has a way of producing good material for congress.

AT the Cairo hotel there is a pleasant-faced business man who has made a record in the house. He is Congressman Robert W. Bonyng of Denver, Colorado. One does not need to learn how to put the letters of his name correctly together, in order to see clearly that he is a man imbued with the spirit of his legislative duties. He has been very active in connection with the immigration and naturalization measures and on the Mines and Mining committee. Born in New York City, he began his career in the legislature of Colorado in 1903. His district now constitutes fifteen counties, and he certainly has made a record worthy of the Centennial State. In committee work or in speaking, he has the conviction and system of a man of business.

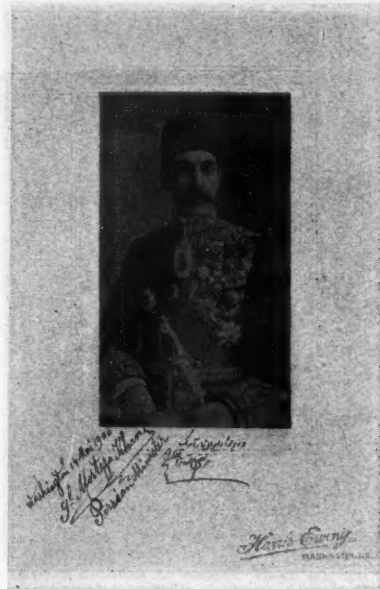
SENATOR ALLISON drove leisurely in a "one hoss shay" to the executive office with both hands filled with papers, all ready for an interview with the president—all forgetful of the fact that it was cabinet day.



CONGRESSMAN HENRY W. PALMER OF PENNSYLVANIA, ONE OF THE ACTIVE MEMBERS ON THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE. (HE WAS A WINNER OF ONE OF OUR HEART THROB PRIZES)

He wore a white vest and black hat; his eyes sparkled with the enthusiastic interest in his work which has made him "The Grand Old Man" of the United States, who has seen longer service for the nation in the senate, than any other man.

Just as he stepped into the vestibule, it occurred to him that it was one of the days



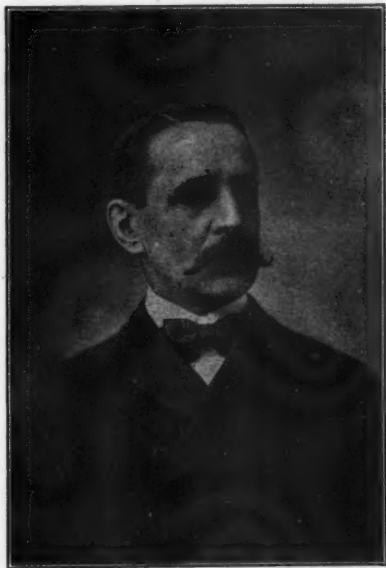
GENERAL MORTEZA KHAN, THE PERSIAN MINISTER

when the president could not be seen. He was so taken aback at his own mistake that even the doorkeeper smiled as the legislator started back to his carriage, but on second thought he returned to "carry the message to Garcia." So he made his call on Secretary Loeb.

Cabinet day is comparatively quiet at the office, though it means a busy day for the president and cabinet; but there is not so much evidence of "busy-ness" as on other days.

EDWARD L. HAMILTON of Michigan enjoys the distinction of being the congressman who is chairman of the committee on territories, which has added one more star to the flag at the present session.

Oklahoma is a state now, having acquired the right after a strenuous campaign. Mr. Hamilton has also been a very active member of the Committee on Insular Affairs but his chief work was on the Statehood bill. On the day that the fate of Oklahoma was decided, I met the chairman in the corridor. He seemed very happy in the knowledge that



CONGRESSMAN JAMES A. TAWNEY OF MINNESOTA.
ONE OF THE HARDEST WORKED MEN DURING THE SESSION. HE IS ON THE APPROPRIATIONS COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE

something had been accomplished for the nation as well as for the territory that had just been promoted to statehood, although full-blown honors will not come till next year.

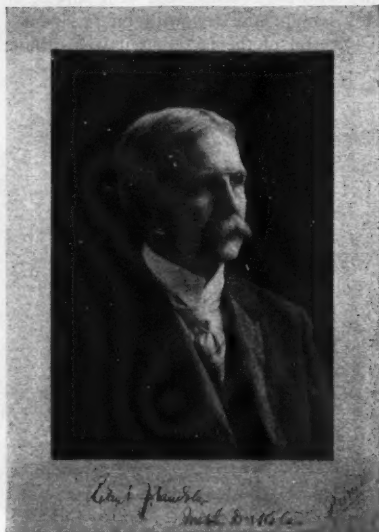
Mr. Hamilton has already served five terms in congress, and has certainly made an effective study of all the questions which have come under his attention. One of his colleagues has facetiously suggested that Congressman Hamilton "can wear stars on his hat now."

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INTEREST has centered in a memorial to congress to make maize, or corn, as we call it, the national emblem. Congressman Dawson has taken hold of the matter; and the time will come when our

nation will possess an emblem as strong and distinctive as the nation itself—for what could be more appropriate than the foliage and tassels of the growing maize, which lends itself so readily to all artistic treatment. This project was first inaugurated by Miss Edna Dean Proctor; the great friend of Whittier, Longfellow and Holmes; the poetess whose work has struck a resonant keynote of Americanism. Of a recent volume of her poems entitled "Songs of America," an eminent critic speaks as follows:

"Edna Dean Proctor's 'Songs of America' ought to bring her a nation's laurels, for no one, unless it be Whittier, has so voiced the spirit of our land, and Whittier, though great in thought, missed the perfect lyric, sweep and beauty which are hers. These songs stir the heart and fill the eyes, and they sing—sing like the west wind through the pines."



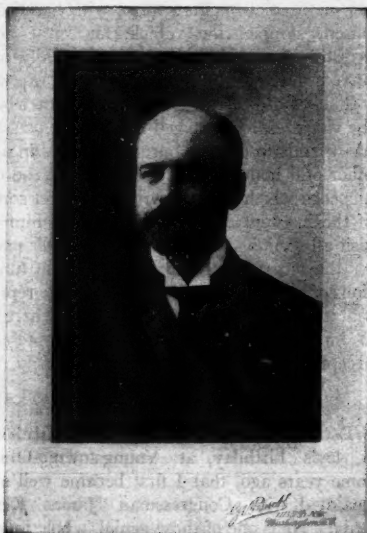
SENATOR ROBERT J. GAMBLE, NORTH DAKOTA, WHOSE RE-ELECTION HAS BEEN GAINED AFTER AN EXCITING CONTEST

A MODEST man is Congressman Otjen of Wisconsin, but his career offers a splendid example of conscientious work done by a legislator of foreign extraction. He was born in Michigan and is a graduate of Ann Arbor University. He began life as foreman in a rolling mill, and has worked his way

steadily and persistently to the front. His business is located in the city of Milwaukee, and he represents an important district. Theobold Otjen has done very thorough work on the committees on foreign affairs and war claims, and goes home to his constituents with a clear consciousness of duty performed.

Speaking of committees, this visit to Washington more than ever impressed me with the thought that the constituents do not often realize the amount of work involved in the laborious routine of the various committee rooms.

THE tall and stately figure of the vice president was to be seen daily in Washington, as he walked from his home to the Capitol, a distance of some two miles. The presiding officer of the senate attends strictly to his duties, and conscientiously cares for



CONGRESSMAN ROBERT W. BONYNE OF COLORADO, A YOUNG MAN WHO HAS MADE A SPLENDID RECORD DURING THE PAST SESSION

every detail of his work. As he swings along the avenue, he has a kindly smile of greeting for his friends and acquaintances—it may be a brother senator, a justice of the supreme court, a newspaper man, or Jonathan, the bootblack and newsboy, who always appre-

ciates the salutation of the government officials. It may be the cartoonist, Berryman, or some friend "from Indiana," but nobody lacks the cheery word and smile.

If anyone has an idea that the office of vice president is a sinecure, it would be well to look over the schedule of his day's work. After a busy morning of dictation and appli-



CHARLES B. LANDIS OF INDIANA, WHOSE SPEECHES FURNISHED CAMPAIGN MATERIAL FOR THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

cation to correspondence, at 10:30 o'clock the vice president may be seen on his way to the Capitol. Often before going to his own quarters there is a moment of consultation at the executive office, but at eleven o'clock the vice president is at his desk in his own room just back of the senate chamber.

It is a notable fact that the vice president's record shows but one absence during the past session. This was when he missed two legislative days owing to his visit to Birmingham, Alabama.

While I was in the vice president's room there were numerous callers, one of them an old friend from Indiana, who came to tell the vice president that he had sent him some maple syrup, direct from the home state, and the recipient of the gift smacked his lips

as he recalled memories of the old days amid the sugar maples.

Promptly at twelve o'clock the senate convenes, and the vice president is in his seat with a small piece of ivory as a gavel; stationed behind a bouquet of flowers, he commences the morning's routine. Vice President Fairbanks has all the courtesy for which the senate is noted, and every parliamentary phrase is given its exact and dignified expression. There is a refreshing politeness and consideration in the way in which business is conducted here, and the close adherence to the rule that no names shall be mentioned in debate, gives an interesting, old-world flavor to the proceedings. Instead of saying Mr. So-and-So, the vice president inquires: "Will the senator from North Carolina yield to the senator from South Carolina?" No representative in the senate or house is allowed to use the jocular familiarity of the political campaign, where the distinguished senator may have been known as "Jim", "Joe", "John" or "Tom". All procedure on the floor of the United States Senate is dignified.

If there is a long speech in progress, or the reading of documents, a mass of enrolled bills is brought to the vice president, and with busy pen he continues signing, signing, and signing. His secretary keeps in close touch and frequently consults with the man on the rostrum. While I looked on, during a lull in the business, there was a greeting to a sweet little girl of ten years, who was occupying a seat in the gallery reserved for the families of senators. It was the same little lady who had that morning brought the vice president a bouquet of posies from Posey County, Indiana.

After the long, wearisome day of debate and routine work is over, the red electric lights announce the executive session which usually closes the day's work. After this, the vice president again works in his room, and often receives some friends or senators for an aftermath of discussion, after which on goes the gray hat, and the tall, six-foot-two figure of the vice president swings down the avenue. I think that in our half-hour walk together, a greater variety of subjects was discussed than are brought up in an entire day's proceedings in the senate. We passed the Botanical Gardens, admiring the beauties of nature, and noting also the kindly impulses

of the people we saw.

One day when I had an engagement to walk home with the vice president, it rained—I may say that his pace is a pretty swift one for me, and I was not so sorry that it was damp that day. I said:

"If you will wait a moment my automobile will be at the door."

As we passed out from the archway, the vice president looked up and down, evidently listening, to my secret amusement, for the sputtering and throbbing of a motor car. But I pointed toward that modest yellow car that backs in on the senate side. We had an even start with a distinguished senator, who does possess an auto, and who lives in the vicinity of the vice president's home. After all, the public auto proved the more reliable on this occasion. This is no reflection on the speed of "the red devils," but the fact was that in a sudden spurt the chauffeur exceeded the speed limit and an alert member of the metropolitan force, with hand upraised, stopped the vehicle for "rest and arrest," for speed limitations are rigidly observed on the avenues of the national capital.

The day's work was not done even when the vice president reached home. He usually has friends to dinner, but still he puts in another odd hour or so of work, it may be on a speech which must be written to meet some of the insistent demands made upon him to visit all sections of the country. In this matter the vice president has fulfilled the functions of his office, by becoming the true representative of the president at places where it is impossible for the latter to be present except in thought and good wishes.

o o o

IT was at a banquet given on McKinley's birthday, at Youngstown, Ohio, some years ago, that I first became well acquainted with Congressman James Kennedy. He is one of those genial, wholesouled men whose sterling worth is realized more and more as one comes to know him. It is admitted that Mr. Kennedy has been a power in the legislation of this notable session, and his speech on the railroad rate bill elicited favorable comment from all sections and was commended by the justices of the supreme court of his state. As a representative of the district in which William McKinley lived, Mr. Kennedy certainly has

made a worthy record on matters of national legislation. His whole career has been one long contest with monopoly, and he is known as a solid man and a good lawyer.

In response to an inquiry as to who would be the next candidate of the republican party, he said to me, one hot night at the Riggs House:

"That great incorporeal entity known as The Public has its attention focussed, and its face set like a flint toward two purposes. First, that every American interested shall have protection from foreign competition. Second, that our domestic commerce and

cannot agree upon such a one—Roosevelt is still young, and—he loves his country."

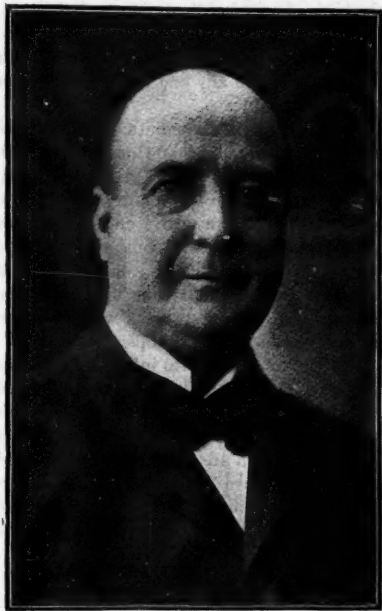
This sentiment seems to prevail among a great many strong men in the party, and presents a phase of the presidential situation which was freely discussed during the closing days of the session. It suggests the platform upon which Mr. Kennedy goes before his people for re-election.

o o o

ENTERING the room of Secretary Shaw one day after business hours, when the desks were all vacant except his own, I found him still at work.

The fact that Secretary Shaw, at the end of his present period of office, will have served longer than any previous secretary of the treasury, is a recognition of his splendid ability. Always ready with a good story, or a straight, logical statement of fact, he is certainly a unique and picturesque character. As he sat talking, I recalled a scene I had witnessed not long ago at Cornell College. In the church, on the afternoon following the morning exercises, in a spacious tent, at which the degrees had been conferred, I recalled how the sunlight slanted through the windows upon the impressive scene of a class graduating at old Cornell, in the presence of many of the alumni who had long since crossed the threshold into active life. Especially impressive was the tribute paid by Secretary Shaw to the memory of the deceased wife of the president of the college. Her picture was unveiled that day, and the story of her gentleness and kindness was peculiarly sweet. The speaker told of the constant inspiration she had been to many of the farmer boys of years ago. He told how he came to college, and how homesick and miserable he felt, among that crowd of strangers, until her kindly interest made him feel right at home. His tribute brought tears to the eyes of all who remembered that beautiful and saintly Iowa woman. The secretary dwelt on the traditions of his class, in a way that awakened many a tender or mirthful memory in the minds of the past and present students of Cornell College.

The various addresses which Secretary Shaw has made throughout the country are classics in their simplicity and directness, notably the letter written to the public school at Passaic, New Jersey, Washington School A,



CONGRESSMAN JAMES KENNEDY, OF YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

industries shall be freed from the exploitation of wicked monopoly, and that every man everywhere shall have a fair chance and an equal opportunity.

"This antecedent status of the public mind is sufficiently indicative, and one need not be a prophet to know that—if the republican party is to be further favored with the administration of government—it must nominate a man who is in full accord with the present administration, and the people must know that he is. If the national convention

when he inculcated patriotism in the hearts and minds of the children of that school in a manner that few speakers have excelled.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT

May 25, 1906.

Members of A-Grade,

Washington Schools, Passaic, N. J.

Dear Friends:

Please accept my thanks for the beautiful bouquet you kindly handed me as I passed your building on the 4th instant. I enjoyed my visit to your city more than I can express. The mills and the schools were inspirations well worth the trip. Flags flying from so many windows and waved by so many young hands touched my heart, and I breathed to the full the American spirit. Patriotism, education, and work have made us great, and their happy blending will save for you and for those who come after you, that which the fathers have builded.

Yours very truly,

L. M. SHAW

o o o

AMONG the younger members who are making a career for themselves in congress is Daniel F. Lafean. I found him hustling about the corridors, and we paused for a moment's conversation in one of the wide window alcoves. It is always a pleasure to talk with Mr. Lafean; his enthusiastic absorption in his work is contagious and such congressmen as he are a silent but potent force in the national legislation of today. The hearty and unanimous nomination which he received from his constituents indicates their appreciation of his work.

Mr. Lafean is one of the prominent business men of his home town, York, Pennsylvania, and was instrumental in looking keenly after the local interests of his city, as well as in active work on the committee of agriculture. He has been successful in having several important resolutions passed, and may be justly content with the work he has accomplished in this session of the Fifty-ninth congress.

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ONE of the busiest men in the house of representatives; about whom very little is heard, but who is always hard at work, is James R. Mann of Chicago. I looked for him in the committee room of the Interstate Commission, and there found that he

was over in the Committee of Elections. If ever a man did good service on two committees it is James R. Mann. Behind the twin folding doors of the Election Committee room, was a long table, covered with sample bottles and cartons filled with food products from all parts of the country, and here, in the room of the Elections Committee, Mr. Mann was working on the business of the Interstate Committee. I noticed that each carton was marked with the exact weight; and comment was made as to whether or not the people were getting exactly what they paid for. These samples had come from the chemist of the Department of Agriculture, and formed the basis of an exceedingly interesting report. If some of the labels on these packages and bottles are to be believed, the system of graft is not centered in any one line of business or in matters political.

The work of this committee indicates the wonderful revolution going on today, which is insisted upon, in order that every man, woman and child in the country may be sure of having a "square deal,"—no matter how small that deal may be. Some alarmists may regard this as paternalism, but there is a movement all along the line to prevent the too prevalent dishonesty from working harm through the food of the people.

I gained more practical information in this one visit, than I could by reading volumes of academic diction and discussion, for here was tangible and concrete evidence of what our own congressmen are doing to protect us, and raise the standard of political and business honesty in the United States to a higher plane than was ever before known in the world's history.

On the table was a large brass measure, rigid and exact as the scales owned by Walter Scott's Jew chemist, which he declared "would turn if but a hair from the beard of the high priest be laid upon them." At the head of the table stood Mr. Mann, who has for five terms given the city of Chicago a representation which is indeed worthy of that great western metropolis. He is a man who loves his work, and gives to it unremitting attention, though he is never too absorbed to assimilate further information pertaining to the special line on which he is engaged. He is as fascinated with his work as the entomologist with a new insect, which he spends hours studying and classifying.

A MODERN MONTE CRISTO

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.
CONGRESS SPRING, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

A BOOK of life? The Tale of a Chance Acquaintance? How I Found an Affinity on the Wing? The Bachelors of Venice?—or what? This should be a rubricated page in the volume of my travel and adventure. Well; call it what you will, it is all true, every word of it, as Frank can tell you, and so can Giovanni, the gondolier, and so, also, can the modern Monte Cristo who is the gilt-edged hero of it all.

To begin with, it was Sunday on the weather side of Venice. Frank and I were chumming in a house of eight rooms and a *loggia*; it was the very last house in the sea-city with windows opening upon the Grand Canal, the Giudecca, the Lagoon and the Public Garden. There was a wee little canal just big enough for a gondola to squeeze through, that separated us from the Public Garden and made us feel nice and isolated—which of course we were—everything in Venice is isolated; there was a very narrow passage on one side of our house called a *calle*—I forget the name of it, but it was Saint Somebody—and this was like a vein that connected us with the great arteries of the city; dry veins and arteries are they, and one can walk all over the city, crossing the canals by a thousand little and great bridges—if he would rather foot it than float. Like all our neighbors, the Venetians, we had our water-gate, the front door, and our land-gate, the rear door, and we were as cosy as we could be in the city entirely surrounded by water.

Isn't it a delightful "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will"? This Venetian experience was a surprise to

me all 'round. One day, in London, I received a letter from Joaquin Miller, who was then in Rome. The letter was written in the Café Greco, where many people called for pen, ink and paper and wrote their letters to friends at home. In it he said I was to join him at once in Rome, and see all the sights of the carnival and share the fun and the frolic. As I read the letter, I wondered what had happened to the writer, for it was written in the most legible and beautifully round hand; now Joaquin's natural chirography is so ingeniously constructed that one never knows at a glance whether is it upside-down or not.

Well; at the end of the letter was a postscript in which the writer said:

"You must have noticed long before this that it is not Joaquin who is writing. His eyes are troubling him today and he has asked me to write for him while he dictates. I hope before long we shall be better acquainted." Then he signed his name, Frank D. Millet. I knew him well by reputation; an artist whose work had won distinction and an author who had delighted many readers. Were we ever to meet face to face?

I had not been long in Venice, on my first visit, when I joined some young Americans in their box at the opera. Of course the house was filled with little boxes, tier upon tier, like a Columbarium; and the little people in the little boxes looked like so many pigeons billing and cooing and preening their plumage and craning their necks in the long waits between the acts. My friends went out between the acts—how like America it seemed—and as I was leaning from the

box-rail and enjoying the gay spectacle, a young man quietly joined me. We looked at each other and were acquainted in a minute. Some people understand one another at sight, and don't have to try, either. We had noted the coquetry of the ladies in the boxes and the vanity of the gentlemen, and commented on them, when he suddenly turned to me and asked:

"Where are you going to spend the Winter?"

I told him, honestly enough, that I did not know. Had I writing to do? Yes! Why not do it in Venice? It had not occurred to me that I might as well Winter there as anywhere. He said:

"I am going to housekeeping in a house of eight rooms and a *loggia*. Why not come and take one of those rooms? You needn't worry about anything; I'll look after the domestic affairs."

This young man, if you please, was Frank D. Millet, and we laughed as we thought of his postscript to Joaquin's letters written in the Café Graco, for lo! and behold, we were almost immediately very much better acquainted.

It was a bargain struck on the instant, and that Winter we passed together, with all its storm and sunshine, its snows and thaws—we had thirteen inches of snow on the dead level and Giovanni's gondola was swamped at the foot of the front steps under our very eyes. So it happened that, by-and-bye, the Spring came over the sea to us, and Frank had an awning stretched above the *loggia* and used to paint his pictures there in a wonderful light reflected from the broad lagoon. As I said before—it was Sunday on the weather side of Venice. Giovanni, our gondolier, cook, chamber-maid and errand-boy, was absent; each Sunday was his day, sacred to love and idleness. Frank was busy with a picture upon his easel—a holy picture, probably, it being Sunday; I sat in a seaward window, after mass with wondrous music at San Marco. There was the ripple of water under the *loggia*, the murmur of voices wafted from the gondolas that swam to and fro in the middle distance. From time to time the bells throbbed in the lofty towers that make of the vignette of Venice an enchanting picture.

There was knocking at the south entry; it woke me from my reverie, and Giovanni

being absent and Frank wedded to his art, it was my business to answer the knock. I descended to the door opening upon the *calle*. There stood a swarthy and gigantic Moor. We regarded one another in silence and surprise; then he asked me in singularly accentuated English if the "Illustrissime Seignior" Frank was within. He was. Would the Grande Mogul, the Moor of Venice, enter and meet him on the spot?

"One moment," said the stranger, with a graceful wave of the hand. "Permit me to speak with my friend." He withdrew to the end of the *calle* and apparently descended into the sea, for there the *calle* ended abruptly in a pair of stairs bedded in seaweed. In reality he returned to a gondola that was rocking gently under the pavement, for it was low-tide. I hurried to Frank to announce the arrival of mysterious strangers. I confess I was rather excited, because it was Sunday and we were all alone and Frank was dressed in a long blouse such as the Man-with-the-hoe wears in Millais' muffled "Angelus." Frank's blouse looked like a crazy quilt, for it was stiff with daubs of paint of every color under the sun. It was his absent-minded habit to wipe his brushes on it whenever he had nothing else to do. Frank, like a true artist, had no thought of dressing or undressing for any guest whatever, and so I hurried back to the *calle* door.

In a moment I beheld a tall, slender and exceedingly elegant figure approaching languidly; a youth of perhaps seven and twenty; repose was in his manner and written in his features. A long black cloak of Byronic mold fell from his shoulders, one corner was carelessly thrown back over his arm, displaying a lining of cardinal satin; a damask scarf, a golden-threaded fabric, was knotted about his throat; a slouch hat, with tassels falling from the broad brim, partially shaded an uncommonly comely face of the oriental-oval and almond-eyed type. Seeing this paragon of animals alone, I inquired for the friend who had announced him, and was briefly informed that the herald who had preceded was the courier of the picturesque party before me, and from that hour the courier took a back seat and kept it like a man. A moment later I had the pleasure of presenting Monte Cristo—let him be known as such—to my artist-chum.

Monte Cristo was an artist, also, and art in

all its fascinating phases was the topic of the next hour's conversation.

As for me, I returned to my seaward window and solemnly rolled cigarettes—this was before the Reformation, of course; I looked over the sea-wall into the grove of the Public Garden; and watched the guest's gondola afloat under our *loggia*, with the decorative courier, and two blue-sashed gondoliers who sang softly and sweetly while the ripples smacked their lips along the black sides of their funeral barge. It was all very pretty and a little bit stupid, and then it began to be tiresome; but just at that moment Monte Cristo went his way, and I heard him promise Frank that he would return next day and paint from our *loggia*, which was the habit of all the artists we knew; for the *loggia* was a darling *loggia* and commanded the most wonderful views in Venice; indeed it alone was worth thrice the price of admission—that is, the rent of the house.

Frank was a Yankee to the marrow of his bones. There was not a thing he could not do, for he instinctively knew how to do it. He had already done almost everything under the sun and was ready to do the rest whenever opportunity afforded. It was one of the agreements when we went to housekeeping that he should do all the marketing, and what a lark it was when market day came round. Giovanni put on his long blue sash, his other trousers, and cocked his hat over one ear; we entered the gondola—it had been scrubbed down and looked as good as new—and away we started for the Rialto. Up the Grand Canal we headed, and debarking at the Bridge of the Rialto, with its double row of shops from end to end, we found ourselves in the market-place, where Frank began to bargain; it is always bargain-day at the Rialto, and Frank could bargain in half a dozen dialects when necessary, so we had all the delicacies of the season at the most reasonable figures. There were beans to begin with, bags of beans that might have held their own in Boston; and *bacala*—which if it be not codfish, is the most wonderful imitation of it I ever saw. Everything that would keep till next market-day we bought in bulk and stowed in the gondola amidships; then we paddled over into the Giudecca, that broadest of all the canals and the only one in Venice that is not bridged, and there we lay up alongside of the *feluccas* that had come over from Dalmatia with

cargoes of firewood, and loaded up, while the spiteful little dogs on deck gnashed their teeth at us over the low bulwarks and filled the air with their weeping and wailing.

Why came we home with our beans and our *bacala*? Because Frank had taught Giovanni the never-to-be-forgotten art of cooking them in the good old New England style, and often we lusted after the bean-pots of Boston; because, also, the *bacala*, when shredded and rendered boneless, could be molded into the image of the delectable fish-ball of our youth, and these things were not to be had for love or money in all Italy, from the Alps to Aetna. Polenta was carried through the streets on trays by hucksters, who sang in accents more or less wild of the deliciousness of the cornmeal batter they offered for sale at so much the slice; when judiciously browned on the griddle, who could tell it from the fried mush of other days?

Monte Cristo was as good as his word; he returned to us within four-and-twenty hours. I had been out all the morning, for one cannot stop within doors long at a time in Venice, and when I returned for dinner, lo! there sat Frank and his guest at our table in the kitchen, feeding on fish-balls and Boston baked beans. It seems that M. Cristo had been painting for some hours, and when dinner was on the table Frank could hardly help announcing the fact. His invitation was very graciously declined, because while our views were free to all the world, we could hardly be expected to feed those who came to perpetuate them on canvas. Frank had said, by way of apology for not seeming to urge his guest, "We can offer you nothing more than codfish-balls and beans and a cup of good coffee." Monte Cristo sank as in a swoon and was borne without a struggle to our frugal board, where he received three broadsides without a whimper, and when all was over could not say enough in praise of such undreamed-of hospitality.

The truth is, our kitchen was the delight and the despair of all Bohemia. It was paved with dull red bricks, very large and square, and worn in places by feet that had been long at rest. The front door opened upon the *loggia*, and beyond that stretched the Lagoon, like another sky with a few cloud-like islands shimmering in the distance. Against the side wall of the room was a pyre as high as a table and five feet square. Over this hung a roof, or awning, that narrowed to a cone and swal-

lowed through its sooty throat all the smoke and steam that rose from the sacrifices offered on the domestic altar. There was a shelf along the outer rim of this canopy, and here the display of pottery and pewter was most beguiling. A kettle swung from the crane; coals gilded the soft gray ash-heap and a few primitive utensils that lay about the border of the pyre and made of the whole a picture and a poem. If you had suffered your eyes to wander through the small, grated windows set rather high in the wall on the two sides of the pyre, they might have discovered the supple figures of half-nude artisans busy about the hulls of boats, for there was a little shipyard on that side of us, and the rhythmic blows of the hammers were music in our ears, and often we breathed in the wholesome odor of oakum and melted pitch. Perhaps it is no wonder that we lingered over our meals there, and that our friends hungered and thirsted for a chair and a plate at the deal table where we really led the simple life that has now lost its identity.

That first afternoon Monte Cristo selected for his sketch a glimpse at the tiny canal that divides the Public Garden and makes a verdant island of the larger portion of it. A white marble bridge spans the water, and beyond that there are high walls with a few tall and narrow windows in them and many slender and rather ornamental chimneys, and at last the Church of San Giuseppe, where the fishermen and sailors have carried whole fleets of toy shipping, as *ex-votos*, and there they stay in memory of many a narrow escape from storm and flood.

The picture was not finished that day, nor the next, nor yet the next. Neither were the beans, nor the fish-balls, nor the fried mush that lent its special charm to the bill of fare. Monte Cristo assured us, with a fish-ball in his throat, that he had enjoyed nothing quite so much since he left home, which, of course he called "God's country." We had become very friendly, all of us, and our guest, who had suggested our dining with him at his hotel, the Danielli, said at last that the date must be set at once, or he should feel constrained to banish himself from our board and bungalow. The date was straightway fixed, and yet I think we would all have rather stayed where we were and taken pot-luck in the kitchen with the picturesque pyre.

Of course you know the Danielli, the most

picturesque building on the *Riva Schiavoni*—there is a name for you, the "Quay of the Slaves." The antique Danielli was a palace when it was young; it looks as if it had been cut out of the drop-curtain of an opera-house and set up as a background for the Lagoon that fronts it. It faces the shipping that rides at anchor between it and the island church of *San Giorgio Maggiore*. The sea-gulls perch upon its marble balconies when the storm-wind rides them in from the Adriatic.

Monte Cristo must have had the suite of the royal princess, it was so ample and so richly furnished. He had evidently added much of his own in the shape of trophies brought out of the East. An Oriental tinge prevailed; indeed, one might have imagined himself in a palace of Damascus; and, instinctively, listening for the bubbling of the fountain in the palace court, one heard the plash of oars as the shadowy gondolas floated under the windows like black plumes adrift on a silver sea—for, very naturally, there was a flood of irreproachable moonlight of the Venetian brand, and that is always of the first quality. The truth is, Monte Cristo seemed always to be accompanied by a special train-load of scenery and properties, and there was nothing left to be desired when his curtain was rung up after the overture.

The dinner was the realization of a sybarite's dream. There were wondrous wines, of which our host touched not a drop, and viands from the four quarters of the globe—no less could be looked for at Monte Cristo's moaning mahogany. We sat in rich, dark fezes still redolent of the musky bazaars of Cairo, and about our shoulders were thrown scarfs of cloth-of-gold. We had been crowned with the fez and robed with the scarf when we reached the cigars and black coffee at the feast and, strange to say, neither of these did our host care for. He was a teetotaler in the teetotalist sense of the word, and though a connoisseur who always provided the best for his guests, his taste was of the simplest—one might almost call him puritanical as to his palate.

Lounging in his balcony after dinner, we discovered the troubadours in their barges who had been singing *barcarolles* the whole evening at appetizing intervals. These, also, were on Monte Cristo's *menu*, but in invisible ink. Between the songs of the singers we learned enough of the story of our host to

piece out a brief biography. America bored him, which is not surprising, as he was an American with a difference. One day he arose and went unto his father and said unto him: "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." And his father did it without a murmur. Then he journeyed into a far country, though it didn't seem very far because it was England and but five days and some hours distant. In England the prodigal son bought a steam yacht with a hull of steel; it was silver-mounted with gold trimmings, and heavens knows how many jewels were concealed within its interior, watch-spring works. This extravagant toy was shipped to Alexandria and launched from the deck of one of those huge steamers that wed England to the East. At Cairo his yacht was freighted with all the delicacies of the season, for he was to thread the Nile waters and pluck out the heart of that mysterious Nubia whose mysteries are still as deep and dark as ever they were in the days of the Pharaohs.

An order from the Khedive permitted him to coal at every coaling station on the Nile shore. His crew in faultless costume dusted the dainty decks. Cooks and cabin-boys swarmed between decks. The dancers of nameless dances, girded about with chains of the coin of the realm, smoked where they listed and smiled to the barbaric throbbing of the tom-toms and the dove-like piping of falsetto flutes. He flew the Stars and Stripes and was true to the core, and he reminded me of that fantastic ballad:

"Raisins in the cabin,
Almonds in the hold;
The sails they were of satin
And the masts they were of gold —
Of gold, of gold —
And the masts they were of gold."

Our friend was not alone on this gorgeous cruise. A fledgling earl with an allowance he could not give away without fatiguing himself, joined Monte Cristo, and together they braved the two cataracts that were in those halcyon days the delight and the despair of the Winter tourists. The governors of Upper Egypt received them with a bewildering display of pomp and splendor. The voyagers returned the compliment with a deluge of champagne. The far-famed Moolid of the Prophet paled its ineffectual fires before the dazzling career of these nautical swells. Re-

turning to Cairo with a deck-load of ostrich egg shells, ivory, frankincense and myrrh, Monte Cristo found his yacht a burden and threw it away—no, I believe he gave it to his friend the Khedive as a slight testimonial, etc.

It was after this crusade in the Levant that the charming fellow dropped in upon us at Venice and ate "Boston wood-cock" in our ever-to-be-regretted kitchen. Before we parted I had learned to pass half the day with him in his gondola, reading, chatting, writing, dreaming, or merely drifting with him while the tide swung lazily between the meandering canals and the Lido. The rest of the day we were ashore, but usually in each other's company.

It was amusing to see him at his work. A special police warned the juvenile idlers that they were encroaching on holy ground; two retainers, armed with Oriental implements especially designed for the purpose, baffled the dizzy fly; a third sat near him and gently agitated that most necessary of all the elements, the air, for Monte Cristo had a great aversion to the heat. All that love or money could not do was to emulate Joshua and command the sun to stand still upon Gideon, or anywhere else on the map—while the artist put the finishing touches to his sketch.

Let not my extravagance mislead you. I have never in my life seen a more conscientious worker than the friend of whom I write. There was really no need of him doing anything more fatiguing than hastening to destruction, as the majority of his kind are apt to do. He was born to the purple and wore it royally. He had asked for his portion and received it; nor did he waste it with riotous living; but took mighty good care of it and brought something better than corn out of Egypt, and, as even a casual observer might at once discover, he betrayed all the admirable characteristics of a man, in spite of the glamour that forever surrounded him.

The Venetian episode was brief but brilliant; of course nothing of that kind can last very long. It would soon lose its identity if it did, and cease to be its old self. All the tangible evidence I can offer in proof of the truth of this narrative is a fez, the very fez I wore on the night of the dinner at the Danielli, and a sketch in oil of a narrow canal dividing a Venetian garden, the two halves of which are clasped by a marble bridge; high houses in the distance and the tower of San Giuseppe

outlined against the Italian sky. It is the first study he made from our *loggia*, and he gave it to me when he cried "Ho, for Paris!"—whither I promised to soon follow him.

Presently I found myself in rather cramped lodgings in one of the student hotels that abound in the Latin quarter of the French capital. A society soup-ticket lay on my study table; it was of a pale pink tint; it was faintly perfumed as if it had been stored in a casket of sandalwood. It appointed an hour when Monte Cristo and I were to meet and sit at the same board in his apartment on the other side of the river. Following the explicit directions of mine host, I was driven into one of those refined quadrangles of Paris where the residences face one another across an inner court and, as it were, turn their backs on the streets of the city, as much as to say, "Go to! I am better than you." I entered this inner court,—it was almost august in its seclusion—by a stately portal, the elaborately bronzed gates of which were swung open by a *concierge* of majestic proportions. Within the gates there was a garden filled with leafless trees, among which I saw dimly the wan, nude statues that abound on the continent. This garden was profoundly still; in one of the formal mansions that solemnly fronted it Monte Cristo had secreted himself.

I found his address without difficulty; I rang at the door and was admitted by a man servant with the air of one who had long and anxiously awaited my arrival and was at last almost overcome with gratitude and joy. There is nothing more flattering or more false than this social veneering. By all means let us encourage it. As I entered a broad and lofty hall a faint, dry perfume saluted my nostrils. Upon one side of the hall hung one of those latticed windows that cling to the somber walls of the harems in Oriental byways and give to them an air of beauty and mystery; the latticed panels were as exquisitely delicate as lace-work, and from within shone the roseate light of jewelled lanterns. At once I seemed transported to the realms of the Arabian Nights. The corner of a tapestry heavy with gold embroidery was lifted; I entered and found myself at once in the embrace of Monte Cristo. He led me to a divan, and after a welcome worthy of the Oriental luxury that seemed to follow him around the globe, he withdrew for a moment, during

which interval I sought to accustom myself to my environment.

The floor was cushioned with Persian rugs, lapped one upon another. The walls were entirely hidden under hangings of the richest description; pictures wrought by the needle in silk and silver threads fell in bewildering folds from the ceiling to the floor. Even the windows were draped, so that I seemed to be reclining in a large, oblong pavilion, one side of which was filled with a luxurious divan; heaps of pillows, marvelous in coloring and decoration, were strewn over the finely woven camel's-hair covering of the divan. Small tables encrusted with pearl and tortoise shell were everywhere within reach. Low ottomans, each a marvel of antique needlework, were scattered hither and yon. The mantel was hidden in an improvised jungle of young palm trees, and from the ceiling was suspended a mosque-like array of lanterns—silver globes spangled with twinkling crystal stars.

Monte Cristo soon returned, and at once began a feast that might have been served in a kiosk of the Khedive—to say nothing of the seraglio of the Sultan. But who cares to read of a dinner? It is at best no better than a Barmecide feast. Narghiles, their stems tipped with globes of clouded amber, were lighted when we began to sip our black coffee from egg-shell cups with jewelled holders of fretted gold. To my surprise, Monte Cristo, the abstemious, actually took a few swallows of narghile smoke; but what kind of smoke is it that comes to one's lips through a bath of rosewater and an aromatic tube six feet in length? One swallows it whole, by the yard, and feels nothing but a kind of divine inflation; for the smoke in as vapory as ether, as cool as twilight, and as refreshing as the ghost of nectar.

That night was Arabian, and no mistake. I know not what plans we didn't lay. I think we were to return to the fabulous East and inhabit it for an age or two. I was to write books that were to frame his pictures, and somewhere we were to rediscover that Garden of Eden the exact address of which seems somehow to have been mislaid. For the time being we quite forgot that we were only in Paris after all, and that it was long after bedtime, even over there, when we said good-night. Monte Cristo, in an effort to outdo

himself, quietly delivered the keys of his apartment into my hands and left me in full possession. His gorgeous hospitality included the sideboard, which he never touched, a valet who anticipated one's every wish, and a night-robe that might have taken the first prize in a fancy dress parade. I slept in the musky atmosphere, curtained by Indian tapestries, intoxicated with the incense of smoking pastilles, and all the perfumes of Arabia mingling with my dreams. They, indeed, might have quickened the imagination of Edgar Allen Poe. Invisible forms seemed to be stealing in and out among the draperies that shook a new and finer fragrance from every fold—until late in the following day, when I summoned a man servant and breakfasted in bed. Then I was leisurely dressed and dusted off and, apparently with no little reluctance, suffered to return to the commonplaces of life. A brief note from the lord of all this luxury

begged me to excuse him, for he had already returned to his studio and was pretending to work for a living.

What followed? A long interval. He presently disappeared, for his hiding place was discovered by his friends, and he had to fly or wholly abandon his art studies. This he would not do, and so he was lost to us one and all.

It is a piteous thing to be popular, unless you are good for nothing else. I heard of him at long intervals, but never saw him more. He was in New York for a moment, or Japan, or off again to Egypt or to India. And then I heard the end of it all. Alas! I may say of him, as the fascinating author of *Æothen* says of his platonic friend Carrighalt: "But now, poor fellow! the lowly grave that is the end of man's romantic hopes has closed over all his high aspirations—he is utterly married!"

IN THE PRIVATE WARD

By Osceola Madden

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Z-Z-Z-I-I-I-N-G! went the telephone. Dr. Morgan turned over in bed, frowned, and closed his eyes.

Z-z-z-z-i-i-i-n-n-n-g! Z-z-z-z-z-z-i-i-i-n-n-n-g! Z-z-z-z-z-i-i-n-n-g! buzzed the pestiferous little gong. The tired man only snorted.

"Confound it! Let it ring."

It did several times more, until he got out of bed and strode angrily over to the instrument, shivering in his pajamas.

"Well?" he called shortly.

"Is this Dr. Morgan?" asked a voice.

"Yes."

The voice repeated the question.

"Yes!" he shouted, "What do you want?"

"— Hospital. Miss Grayson, your nurse, says will you please come over right away. Says she must see you at once."

"All right. Tell her I will come." He turned wearily away after calling up the gar-

age and ordering his machine, and a few minutes later was whizzing across the city. Freshened by the cool night air, he walked briskly into the hospital, bowing to an interne and several orderlies as he hastened to the private room occupied by his patient. Before the door was reached it was opened by a uniformed nurse, his trained eye at once discerning that she was greatly agitated.

"O Doctor, I hated to send for you so soon again, but I thought I had better, as—"

"That was right," he said cheerfully, as she hesitated for words, and dropping his hat and medicine case, he walked over to the bedside and turned up the light to look at the sick man. The latter lay very quiet, seeming scarcely to breathe, and after a quick glance the physician picked up his chart.

The nurse had not followed to the bedside, but was standing by a small table with a much troubled countenance.

"What was the trouble, Miss Grayson? How is Moseley getting along; has he been conscious or shown any bad symptoms?"

"No, Doctor, his condition has not changed at all, but I am—, he is just as you left him, but—, Doctor, I shall have to be relieved, I am very unwell." She sank into a chair with a wearied, anxious look upon her face.

"I am very sorry to hear that, Miss Grayson," replied Dr. Morgan solicitously, going to her side and feeling her pulse. "What seems to be the matter?"

For a trained nurse in the sick-room the young woman was greatly upset, her reply being almost tearful.

"I have not felt at all unwell before, Doctor, and you will hardly believe me, for I can scarcely realize it myself, but twice since twelve o'clock, in less than two hours, I have got my medicines mixed up." She made the statement in a way that anticipated the astonishment Dr. Morgan unconsciously showed at such an amazing remark.

"Mixed up? Why, how could that occur?"

"Just how it has happened I do not know, Doctor; but, as I have said, twice since midnight I have found some of those strychnine tablets in the medicine glass in something I had ready for Mr. Moseley to take; once in the elixir and again in water. The first time there must have been two of the tablets, and when I noticed it they were almost dissolved. I tasted it to make sure it was the strychnine. It frightened me very much, but you know how tiny they are, so I concluded they had stuck to something and dropped unnoticed into the glass, and then I emptied it out and after rinsing the glass carefully, gave Mr. Moseley a fresh dose of the medicine."

"You say he has not been conscious?"

"No, he has not. Once or twice he moaned and I found he drank water eagerly. I had just poured out his medicine when he began to groan, so I set it down a minute while I rearranged his pillow. On coming back for the medicine, I saw the tablets in the glass, bubbling at the bottom."

"And the second time?"

"That was just before I had them telephone for you. It was almost like the first time; my patient became very restless as I poured out water for him to drink, and I went over to the bed, leaving the glass of water on the table, and Doctor, I will swear that the glass was perfectly empty before the water

was poured in, and that nothing was dropped into it, either, and yet when I came to get it, there were three of the tablets in it, just beginning to effervesce."

"Have you been out of the room, or has anyone else been in?" questioned the physician.

"No, I have not been out since you left, and an orderly, Jones, is the only person who has been in, and he came to bring ice-water. He asked about the patient, and when he put the pitcher on the tray inquired about the little tablets. I told him they were strychnine, and that more than one taken at a time would be likely to kill a person; but of course he did not handle them and I do not think that I have so much as touched them myself, as Mr. Moseley's heart has been all right and there has been no occasion to use them. Doctor, I cannot understand it." She covered her eyes with her hands and leaned upon the table, her nerves completely unstrung.

Dr. Morgan carefully examined the enamelled tray with its bottles of medicine, glasses, thermometer, and lastly the cardboard box in which he had a few hours previous placed six tiny white disks. There was only one in it now.

The room was of comfortable size, bare of furniture save for the articles necessary for the sick-room. After a moment's careful scrutiny, he walked quietly over to the patient, and, after carefully examining his condition, himself prepared and gave him a dose of medicine.

"Miss Grayson," he said, going back to her and placing a kindly hand upon her shoulder. "I want you to go down and get a cup of coffee and then lie down and rest for a few hours. Moseley's condition is as good as could be expected, and I will remain with him until you come back, so go right down now and lie down until I send for you."

The young woman was ghastly pale and so overcome by her emotions that as she rose from her seat she tottered.

"Doctor," she said, turning near the door, "it will sound very foolish for a nurse to say such a thing, but a little while after St. Stephen's struck twelve, as I was sitting near the window there, I felt as though there was somebody or something in the room that I could not see. The room was not even dark, and I know it is silly in me, but I was so certain that there was something strange in here,

I nearly screamed out. Several times since then I have had the same feeling, and I believe it had something to do with the strychnine being put into the glass."

"There, there, Miss Grayson," replied the physician with a smile. "You are getting all worked up and excited. You run along now and get a good rest, and leave this case to me. Wait a minute," he said, taking a bottle of tablets from his case. "Did you speak very loud when you told Jones about the strychnine?"

"Not very, Doctor, but I did not think very much about it, as I knew Mr. Moseley was unconscious and it would not matter. Why do you ask?" she questioned, surprised at his interrogation.

"O, nothing, the question just occurred to me. Take this," giving her a tablet, and when you come back you will be all right again. Now off with you while I act as nurse." He opened the door for her and she left the room.

He laughed and spoke cheerfully, but when the nurse had disappeared he became very grave and once more examined the patient's chart critically, and then the man himself. Presently he went over to the wall and pressed a button for an orderly.

"Jones," he said to the man who responded, "Go up stairs and ask Dr. Robbins to come down here. Tell him I have an interesting case for him to see, and ask him to dress and come right down."

The man closed the door and hurried off, while the physician seated himself close to the bedside. In a short while the interne sent for tapped lightly at the door and entered.

"Hello, Doctor," he called quietly to the older man. "Got something special, or can I relieve you?"

"Something special, Robbins. I think it may prove so, anyway. Sit down." He moved his chair over by the other's. "Do you know him?" pointing to the bed.

"No," was the reply after a glance. "You know I don't know many people in town. Who is he?"

"His name is Moseley—Tim Moseley. Used to own a bunch of fast horses, but last year he plunged and went broke, losing his horses and nearly every cent he had, and this season he has been hanging around the track here, playing one and two-dollar bets mostly, trying to pick long shots and get a start again.

Well, to make it short, he is a pretty hard drinker, and last week while hanging around the stables, sizing up the ponies, he got into a row with one of the trainers, a big black fellow everybody called 'Babe.' You know I run out to the track pretty often, and Monday afternoon just after the last race, when the crowd was leaving, in the jam Moseley was jostled by that colored trainer Babe. Moseley had lost heavily all day and was in a nasty mood, and when he saw who had bumped into him, he turned with an oath and struck the man full in the face, knocking him into the roadway, and a large auto ahead of mine ran over him and crushed him so terribly he lived only about twenty minutes. In fact he died before an ambulance could reach the track. Wait a minute, I want to try an experiment."

The doctor went over to the table near the bed and poured from one of the bottles into a glass, then taking a small vial containing a reddish liquid from his private medicine case he held it up to his companion.

"I may have to give him a little of this, if he does not rally soon, but it is a last resort."

"What is it?" asked Robbins.

"It is a very deadly poison," replied Dr. Morgan, speaking very distinctly. "A small quantity, as you know is the case with many such drugs, is a powerful stimulant, but ten drops of it in that glass of medicine would end all of Moseley's troubles in about five seconds. Putting the vial on the table by the poured-out medicine, he resumed his seat.

For a time neither of the men spoke, and save for the faint click of steam pipes in the corridor the great building was perfectly quiet. Robbins broke the silence.

"You say he knocked the man under the auto?"

"Yes. Of course he did not try to knock him under the machine, and in the rush the chauffeur could not possibly stop in time to save him. I did all I could for the injured man, but he had not the slightest chance, though he retained consciousness until the last. As he lay on the ground, frightfully hurt, he caught sight of Moseley, who was held by an officer, and never in my life did I hear anyone curse as did the dying Babe at the man who had struck him down. He swore that whether he lived or died, he would kill Moseley within a week. They moved Moseley out of his sight at once, but to the last

gasp Babe swore he would—"

The two had been conversing in low tones, Dr. Morgan facing the sick man on the bed. He paused in his speech and Robbins, seeing the look in his face, turned to see the cause. The bottle of reddish liquid was unstopped and *was pouring itself into the glass of medicine.*

Speechless with amazement, the two men sat and gazed at the spectacle. There was no noise and nothing was visible, but there, right before their eyes, as plain as daylight, was the bottle, unsupported over the glass, the bright-colored contents falling from its mouth as though poured by a careful and steady hand. Robbins stood up, pale with fright.

"Good Lord! Doctor, what is it?" he gasped, as he clutched the other man by the arm. "Do you see that?" As they looked, the bottle dropped to the table.

"Yes," Dr. Morgan answered hoarsely. "Let me examine the glass." He walked to the table and took it in his hand. There could be no question as to what had happened, the changed color of the medicine and the half-empty bottle being positive evidence that what they had seen was reality. Dr. Morgan's face was very white as he set the bottle back on the table and turned to his companion.

"I am afraid he has not much of a show," he said, indicating Moseley, who lay moving restlessly on his cot. "As I told you, I have not made a positive diagnosis of his case. He was found unconscious in his room and his friends asked me to see that he had good care. It appears to be a case of shock, and my opinion is that he was terribly frightened, to put it in plain terms.

"What do you suppose it was?"

Dr. Morgan gazed at the interne with a queer expression in his eyes. "Up to an hour ago I had no idea, but in the light of what the nurse told me and what we both have just seen, I cannot help remembering that black trainer's oath to kill this man, whether he lived or died. Well, he died, and our reason and good judgment to the contrary notwithstanding, there is something invisible in this room seeking Moseley's life. I tell you I never saw such a look on a human face as the expression of that black fellow as he was dying. This liquid here is really a harmless antiseptic that would not hurt, but I said it was poison, as an experiment, and you saw the result."

"But you cannot really believe that a dead man's spirit, or whatever you may call it, can harm a living person, Doctor?" Robbins asked incredulously.

"I told you of Miss Grayson's experience, and you saw as well as I what just took place. How do you account for it?"

"I do not know," was the reply. "It is very strange, but I can hardly believe that we really saw—Look! Look! For God's sake, Doctor, look at his hand!" Hoarse and wild-eyed with horror, he seized the older man by the shoulder, as he pointed at the bed. There was no sound, but the sick man, with knees updrawn, was writhing in agony, while firmly grasping his throat was one of his own hands, not clutching in a natural way, but pressed with throttling force deep into the flesh. As the two gazed speechless and paralyzed, they saw faintly, but distinct and plain, a huge, black hand over the sick man's, crushing the life from the weakened body.

With a bound Dr. Morgan was at the bedside and tore the hand from Moseley's throat. He gasped feebly once or twice and was still.

"Quick, Robbins! My case there, and open the window," cried Dr. Morgan, as he chafed the man's hands.

The interne obeyed, and for a few minutes they worked frantically, in what seemed a vain endeavor to revive him, but in the end their efforts were rewarded by seeing the spark of life rekindle, and Moseley once more breathed in quiet unconsciousness.

Robbins dropped exhausted into a seat.

"This is simply awful, it is frightful, Doctor. Can't we do something to stop it? I will send Jones for assistance." And he sprang up and started to press the call button, but Dr. Morgan restrained him.

"No, Robbins, it's up to us, I'm afraid. It is terrible, but Jones would alarm the building, and we are up against something which I fear any assistance we might get could not reach. It would not help matters for others to come now. His color is better and the pulse is stronger. He may rally yet."

With tense, drawn faces the two men waited silently, helpless against a foe their drugs could not reach and which they were powerless to combat. Moseley lay breathing regularly, as though asleep. Presently he opened his eyes and met the glances of the physicians.

"Hello, Doc," he said in a weak voice, but

perfectly rational. "What's up?" he asked wonderingly, trying to look around.

"Nothing at all, old man," Dr. Morgan answered cheerfully. "You were a trifle indisposed, and I dropped in to see how you were. Feeling O. K., are you not?"

"Yes," he replied hesitatingly, "but where am I?" Without waiting for a reply, he closed his eyes with a look of pain. "O, but I have had a bad dream. A terrible, terrible dream."

"Where am I, Doc?" he asked again, looking around him. "In the hospital?"

Dr. Morgan nodded.

"What was wrong? Did I get hurt somehow? O, I remember now. Lord Almighty!" he added, with an agonized expression. "I had just gone upstairs from dinner, and as I lighted the gas— There he is now!" he screamed, sitting up in bed. "There, just behind you!" pointing above the physician's head.

"Go away, curse you! Go away, I did not

mean to do it. I did not know you would fall under the wheels." His voice rose to a shriek as he stared wildly at the empty air.

In spite of himself, Dr. Morgan stepped hastily back as the man pointed behind him, and Robbins sat rooted to his chair, dumb with terror.

For a moment Moseley sat up in bed staring at his invisible enemy, then with a sudden yell, he leaped to the floor. With one arm before him, as though held in a vice-like grip, and in an attitude of desperate resistance, he was dragged across the floor toward the open window. Stupefied and unable to move a muscle, Dr. Morgan and Robbins were spell-bound, watching his progress to the window, waiting fascinated to see him hurled to the street below. But as he reached the window and put out his free hand to grasp the casing, with a groan he sank lifeless to the floor.

"Robbins," Dr. Morgan said, when they had recovered sufficiently to replace the body on the bed, "Robbins, Babe has got him."

THE DITCH

THE farmer digged a ditch to drain
A plot that long in swamp had lain;
And guided it as he had planned,
In windings through his pasture land.

At first, unused to wander here,
It found the pathway plain and drear;
And wished that it might backward roam
To seek the marshy ways of home.

But soon the violets learned to grow,
As in the haunts it used to know;
The soothing mint crept up its banks,
And flags and rushes waved their ranks.

By root and curve it learned to sing,
Glad children sought its wandering,
Until, deep in its winding nook,
It almost thought itself a brook.

Cora A. Matson-Dolson



By W. G. Farish, Jr.

RIVANNA, VIRGINIA

CERT'NY, suh, cert'ny; I be glad to have him stay," said Uncle Dave, "but I dunno ez I kin larn him so much 'bout fishin', caze you know you all city folks don' fish like we all down heah does.

"Yes, I suppose our methods do differ somewhat, but I expect you get the better of us in the long run. Well, I will get back in the boat and go on down the river;" then turning to his son, the little boy whom he had asked Uncle Dave to look after, the speaker continued: "Now, Charles, if you will do exactly as Uncle Dave tells you, you will soon be a good fisherman; if the fish don't bite and you get lonesome, ask Uncle Dave to tell you some stories. I won't be gone long."

As the speaker started to get in the boat, Uncle Dave went up to him and said something in a voice too low for the little boy to hear; he received a whispered reply, after which they got up close together with their backs turned toward the lad. Uncle Dave shuffled something in his inside breast pocket, and his companion did the same thing—there was a clink and a gurgling sound, followed by the same shuffling of the inside pockets; then the boat slid out into the river and Uncle Dave came back. "You have 'scuse me jes' a minute, son, whiles I steps up de river a piece; I think I mout fin' a better fishin' hole up dar." He stayed only a short while, and when he returned he was laughing and talking to himself.

"Is it any better up there, Uncle Dave?" the little boy asked.

"'Twill be better after a while," replied the old man, "but dar's right smart minners a jumpin' up dar now, an' das a sho sign whin ain' no bass roun'; I'll step up dar agin pres'ny, den mebbe I kin tell mo' 'bout it."

The little boy looked down the river and seeing his father standing up in the boat making long casts on first one side and then the other, was curious to know why Uncle Dave didn't fish the same way.

"You and father don't fish alike, do you, Uncle Dave?" he asked.

"No, we fish diffunt," replied the old man; "but you hearn him say I gits de bes' on it, didn' you?"

"But everybody says father is a good fisherman. Don't you think so, too?" the little boy asked, his tone showing solicitude for his father's reputation.

"O, yes, he's good o' he kine, but I don't think nuttin much o' dem kine o' fishermens. De ole fahsun fishin' is allus de bes'; dat is, ef you wan' kech fish. Dis heah new kine o' fishin' will do fer dem wha's feard o' git-tin' dey han's dirty, but tain' no count fer kechin' fish. Course sometime dey strike luck, jes' like dey strike luck in anything; jes' like a man wishin' fer sumpin' a long time, an' luck come 'long an' gin him dat ve'y thing."

The lad being satisfied with Uncle Dave's explanation, was now ready to begin fishing himself; so he asked the old man to show him a good place to put his line in.

"Now you done hear yo' pa say he wan' me to show you 'bout fishin'," replied Uncle

Dave, "an' I guine show you my way, caze das de onlis way I know. You jes' teck de line off en dat pole o' yourn an' I'll fix it on one o' my kine o' poles."

"But, Uncle Dave, father won't like it if I don't use that rod; he bought it for me just before we came down here, and paid ten dollars for it."

"Whew! Ten dollars? Well, I s'pose you's right ef it cos' dat much; yo' pa mout not like it sho' 'nough ef he come back an' foun' you wan' usin' it. We kin fix it den. You jes' pull off 'bout 'nough line to re'ch half-way 'cross de river, an' I'll go git a rock fer to res' de pole on; caze I never is seen no use settin' up hol'in' a pole whin you kin le't res' on a rock ur stick it up in de san'."

Uncle Dave brought a large rock and dropped it beside the one on which he had been sitting, then he brought a smaller one and placed it about a foot in front of the large one. "You see," said he, "I guine put de en' o' de pole sorter up un'er de big rock an' le't res' on tother one. Is you done on-wine de line yit, son? Well, han' me de pole den."

The little boy gave him the rod and he soon had it placed on the rocks; then taking the line in his hands and beginning with the reel end he piled it up on the sand; when the other end was reached there was on it an artificial minnow; this he cut off and handing it to the lad said: "You kin put dis toy minner back in yo' box now."

"All right, Uncle Dave, then what kind of bait shall I get out for you?" the little fellow asked.

"You wait a minute, I guine fix 'bout de bait. You ain' got a plain nekit (naked) hook wid none o' yo' tricks, is you?" Being answered in the negative, the old man continued: "I reckon I kin scrape up one in some o' my pockets, den. I ginerly cyars one ur two mo' en I needs in case I hangs a root ur sech a like." He rummaged around in his pockets and finally produced an old shot-bag, out of which he took a hook and an old iron screw-tap; these he fastened to the end of the line.

"Now I guine git de bait." So saying, he drew from the water a small cone-shaped fish-trap made of white oak splits. It was literally swarming with minnows; he took out one and then let the trap, which was fastened to a grapevine, back into the water.

"Now wa'ch, son, how I puts dis minner on de hook: fust, hole him so he cyarn slip, den stick de hook right thu' he lips, but allus thu de lowus one fust. Now, stan' 'side whilse I fling him out in de river."

This having been accomplished, the now fellow-fishermen seated themselves on their respective rocks to await developments; nor did they have long to wait, for before the rocks had made known to them that even a standing posture would result in more comfort, Uncle Dave had a bite. He watched the line sway and jerk for perhaps a half minute, then quietly pulling the pole out of the sand, he gave it a slight backward jerk, then dropped it and began hauling in the line hand over hand.

"Jes' what tho't," he said, as he lifted the fish up on the bank, "tain' nuttin' but a ole cat—wa'ch out, son, don' put yo' han' on—dar, now, what I tell you!"

Uncle Dave's warning had been disregarded. The little boy not only put his hand on him but took him up in his hand, and got stung; thus passing through an experience which, as Uncle Dave afterward told him, was necessary before one could become a good fisherman. The little fellow did not cry; indeed, he did not speak, and it must have been this silence from which Uncle Dave drew the conclusion that he was suffering, for without saying a word, he went out into the field and soon returned with a few leaves in his hand.

"Dese will fix it all right," said he, handing them to his companion, jes' mash dese th'ee kine o' weeds up toge'er an' rub it on de place whar he stuck you; arfter dat gits dry you kin put a little black clay on it, an' I guan'tee in five minutes you won' never know you got stuck."

After having produced the medicines and advised the lad as to the manner of treating the wound, Uncle Dave proceeded to take the still jumping catfish off the hook. "Now," he said, as he caught the fish by the tail and threw it back on the sand, "I hope dat hot san' will sting you wus en you stung him, you big-mouf varmint, you."

He then rebaited his hook and after throwing it out in the water, came back to his seat.

"Son, is de mis'ry lef' you yit?" he inquired.

"I don't believe it hurts at all now, Uncle Dave."

"I tole you 'twan' gui lars long, didn' I? Dem th'ee kine o' weeds an' de clay, ef you's whar you kin git it, will kyo mos' any kine o' sting; hit never fail, ef you pu't on quick ernough, an' it don' cos' nuttin' neder, cep' de gittin' ob it."

"What kind of weeds do you get, Uncle Dave?" the little boy asked.

"Don' mek no diffunce what kine, jes' so 'tis th'ee diffunt kine; arry one un em by hissef wouldn' do no good; de virtue's in de th'ee, heap mo' en 'tis in de kine."

Being too young at that time to take issue with the old man concerning whether the medicinal properties of weeds were qualitative or quantitative, the lad hastened to change the subject by asking him why it was that the bass didn't bite. Hardly had the words been spoken and before Uncle Dave had had time to answer him, his rod gave a sudden jerk and bent heavily down toward the water, the reel making such a clattering noise that he was unable to understand his companion, who he saw was trying to tell him something. It was his first bite, and he was too excited to heed Uncle Dave's advice, even if he had heard it; he thought there was but one thing to do: reel in the line as quick as possible; and this he began doing.

"Tain't while to tu'n so fars," quietly said Uncle Dave. "You ain' got him. You pull too quick; I tole you fer to le' him have it a while, but dat ole thing wuz meckin' sech a fuss I couldn' hardly heah myse'f speak."

By this time the little boy had reeled in enough line to see that there was no fish hanging to the end of it; even the bait was gone. With the corners of his mouth drooping, and his eyes beginning to swell, he turned to Uncle Dave and was about to speak, but Uncle Dave spoke first: "Now," said he, his voice carrying conviction as well as sympathy and encouragement, "ef we bait ag'in right quick an' fling him in, 'bout de same place, dat ole bass will try it ag'in 'fo' long. I kin tell fum de way he bit he wuz a big un, an' a minner ain' gui sa'isfy him; he's layin' out dar now jes' er waitin'!"

"Uncle Dave," the lad asked, after the hook had been baited and thrown back in the water, "how was it that I missed that fish; wasn't that a good enough bite to pull at?"

"O, dat wuz a numbered bite, but you pull too quick, son, you see, 'tis dis erway:

a bass allus kech a minner by de tail when he fust keches him, an' he run wid him in he mouf dat erway fer sev'al yards, den he stop an' start tu'nin' de minner 'roun' in he mouf till he git him in head fo'mus; whin he gits him in dat 'sition, he swallows him. Now, you see de hook is thu de minner's lips, an' whiles de bass is got de minner by de tail, dar ain' no use pullin' caze de hook is jes' es fur fum de bass' mouf es de minner's lips is fum he tail.

"Don' never pull at a bass whin he fust bite, jes' le' him have all de line he wan', an' den whin he stop an' start tu'nin' de minner you'll see de line trimble a little; whin dat trimblin' stop, he's done tu'ned de minner an' got him in head fo'mus—den you pull, an' dat bass is yourn."

The little boy was an attentive listener to these principles of bass fishing, and when Uncle Dave finished, he remained silent for several minutes, absorbed more, however, in brooding over his disappointment at missing his first bass than in attempting to remember the instructions which would render improbable a repetition of the occurrence.

While still in this reverie, he was startled by the sound of the clicking of the reel and saw his rod bend as it had done before; fortunately, he remembered what Uncle Dave had said about not pulling when a bass makes the first strike, so he simply held the rod and gave the fish free play.

"Dat's right," said Uncle Dave, when the clicking had stopped, "now wa'ch de line how it trimble; he's tu'nin' de minner now. Don' ju'k him yit—wait till de trimblin' stop."

He evidently thought that his companion's excitement was such as could not be controlled, for he continually cautioned him not to pull until the line had stopped trembling.

"Now, gin him a ju'k," he said, as the line became still.

The lad did as instructed. The response was such a clattering of the reel as he had never before heard. Intuitively he knew that the fish was hooked, but try as he would he could not reel him in; he could prevent him from taking out any more line, but whenever he tried it the rod would be almost jerked from his hands. Finally, the little fellow became frightened, and called to his companion: "Here, Uncle Dave, you take it, quick!"

The old fisherman took the rod, and, with-



Uncle Dave helps the Boy land his first big bass

out showing the least excitement, bent it until he could catch hold of the line, then dropping it, he began pulling in the line hand over hand, and in a few seconds the fish was safely landed. "Das de way I pulls em out," said he, his tone bespeaking pride. "I don't know nuttin' 'bout dem reels; you have git yo' pa to show you 'bout dem. Whin I hangs a fish, I don't wan' fool wid no reels, I jes' kech de line in my han's an' sna'ch him in. Heah yo' bass," he continued, as he held the fish up after disgorging the hook, "an' he's a buster, too; I spec he'll weigh nigh six poun'. I boun' yo' pa won't beat dat dis day. Cyar him back out dar whar I tho'd de ole cat, an' den we'll bait up ag'in an' see ef 'tai' some mo' jes' like him prancin' 'bout out dar in de river."

Upon putting the bass beside the catfish, the little boy was struck with the marked dissimilarity of the two; the one being a type of finny beauty, the other a type of finny ugliness.

"Come here a minute, Uncle Dave," he called, "and see how much prettier my fish is than yours."

"I know 'idout comin' back dar dat de bass is de bes' lookin';" the old man replied, "de ole cat is de ugl'es' fish in de worl'; but ef it hadn' been fer de bass de'd a been jest es good-lookin' es a'yuther fish. 'Twuz all Mrs. Bass' fault; but den I 'sposed de cat 'served it, caze he's allus been a mighty quar'lsome fish."

"What do you mean, Uncle Dave; was the cat ever as good-looking as the bass?"

"Yes, indeed, son, de cat wuz jes' es good-lookin' es a'y fish in de river, long time ago."

"Well, why is he so ugly now?" asked the little boy, evidently doubting whether there could have been such a metamorphosis.

"'Twuz all on account o' fightin'; ef he hadn' been sech a fightin'-natu'd fish, he'd a been jes' es good-lookin' es de res' on em."

"Won't you tell me about it, Uncle Dave?"

"I don't min' tellin' you 'bout it, ef you'll b'lieve what I tells you," Uncle Dave replied, "I didn' see it myse'f, but I know hit all happin, caze de circulstantion evidence is dar to prove it."

"Well, long time ago dar wan' no diffunce twix de catfish an' a'yuther fish, 'cep'in' de cat allus had stickers; an' why de Lawd put stickers on de cat an' didn' put none on de vuther fish, is sumpin I ain' foun' out yit.

Howsomever, dey wuz on him, an' he wuz pow'ful proud on 'em, an' he never los' a chance to show hese'f off whin dar wuz any crowd aroun'. So, one day all de fish wuz 'sembled at a big meetin', an' Mr. Cat, he ac'in' big an' doin', w'en all 'roun' pickin' a fuss wid fust dis one an' den dat one, but wouldn't none un 'em 'spute wid him, caze mos' all un 'em had done pars licks wid him befo', an' dey knowed dey couldn't stan' 'ginst him. Well, at larst he step up to Mrs. Bass. 'Good mawnin', Mrs. Canible,' he say, 'how many o' yo' chillun is you done et dis mawn-in'?'"

"'T's not et none o' my chillun, Mr. Pole Cat, an' ef I has, what business is it o' yourn'?"

"'Oh! You needn' git sassy, Mrs. Canible, I jes' ax you fer to see ef you wuz gui 'ny dat yo et yo' chillun. I takes a snack on my chillun sometimes, an' I tho't mebbe we'd swap some mawnin' fer a relish."

"Den Mrs. Bass she say: 'Look a heah, Mr. Pole Cat, you jes' talk to me dat erway caze you think I's feared o' you. Does you think I's guine stan' heah an' let you call me Canible, an' talk to me 'bout swappin' yo' chilluns fer mines? You 'sults me, suh, an' I don't 'pose to stan' it.'

"'Hol' on, now, Mrs. Canible,' Mr. Cat say, 'you better not git het up, caze you mout meck me mad, an' whin I gits mad right, I don't stan' back fer man ner 'oman.'

"'I don't kere how mad you git, you need'n think caze you got dem stickers you kin run over me.' Wid dat she tu'ned aroun' an' bus dat cat up side he head wid her tail jes' hard es she could lam. 'Teck dat,' she say, 'an' dat,' es she gin him another crack, 'I'll show you 'bout goin' 'roun' 'sultin' women folks.'

"Mr. Cat he kep' right quiet an' didn't do nuttin', an' arf Mrs. Bass hit de fust two licks, she sorter danced off. Den Mr. Cat he low: 'I ain' hit you yit, Mrs. Canible, but I's guine to hit you, an' I's guine to hit hard, too, caze you's done made me mad; but befo' I starts on you, I wan' have a 'greement wid you. I'll meck dis 'greement: If I whips, you is to gin me six o' yo' chillun fer my breakfas' nex' Sunday mawnin'; an' ef you whips, I 'grees to gin you six o' mine. Ef dat is 'greeable, we'll 'p'int secon's an' let de fight start.'

"Well, Mrs. Bass tho't dat wuz a fyar 'greement, an' she ax Mr. Sucker fer to be her secon'; Mr. Cat he ax Cap'n Eel fer to

be his'n. Den Mr. Sucker an' Cap'n Eel got toge'er an' made all de 'rangements fer de fight. Dey talked to deyse'f a while, den dey come out an' ax all de fishes fer to stan' back an' lef a roun' place in de middle whar de fight would be.

"Well, arfter ev'y thing wuz firt, Mr. Stonetoter, he drapt a rock, an' dat wuz de sign fer de fighters to come out in de middle. Mr. Cat he come out fum he side, an' Mrs. Bass fum her side; dey met in de middle an' shuck fins, an' den boff wen' back whar dey start fum. Den Mr. Stonetoter drapt an-uther rock, an' dat wuz de sign fer de fight to start.

"Well, suh, dey runned at un anuther wuss en two bull dogs whar been chained up in de Winter-time. Mrs. Bass, she start bit'in', an' hittin' wid her tail, an' Mr. Cat, he jes' kep' movin' an' dodgin' like, waitin' fer a chance to git in a lick wid he stickers. I cyarn tell you 'bout dat fight, but I knows 'twuz de greates' fight dat ever wuz in de river—sech a swishin' an' a swashin' o' de water never wuz seen befo'; an' ev'y time Mrs. Bass put in a good lick, all de fishes whar wuz lookin' on clap dey fins an' jump up out'n de water fer joy, dey wuz dat glad; but Mr. Cat didn' had no frien's a tall fer to clap fer him, an' all de 'couregement he got wuz fum secin' de blood run fum Mrs. Bass ev'y time he stuck her.

"Well, dey fit 'long dat erway a long time, but at lars Mrs. Bass done los' so much blood dat she 'gin to weaken, an' couldn' stan' up 'ginst Mr. Cat a tall. Den Cap'n Eel an' Mr. Sucker 'cided dat de fight better be stopped, an' dey ax Gin'l Bull Frawg fer to meck de 'nouncement. Gin'l Bull Frawg den hop in de middle an' bowed to de 'sembly; den he ax Mrs. Bass an' Mr. Cat fer to stop fightin', an' shake fins, an' whin dey done done, de Gin'l he say: 'I's been axed to meck de 'nouncement dat arf a fyar an' open fight twix Mr. Cat an' Mrs. Bass, dat Mr. Cat is been 'clared de winner; an' dat 'cordin' to de 'greement, Mrs. Bass mus' gin Mr. Cat six o' her chillun fer he breakfas' nex' Sunday mawnin'."

"Well, dat ended de fight, an' all de crowd scattered. Mr. Cat, he wen' erway lookin' prouder en ever, but Mrs. Bass she look mighty sorry an' pitiful, her sides jes' stuck full o' holes an' bleedin' at ev'y one; but she tole Mr. Sucker dat she wan' thu wid dat

Pole Cat yit—she wuz guine git him, jes' he wait an' see."

"Did Mrs. Bass ever get well, Uncle Dave?" the little boy inquired.

"Yes, indeed, she got well," replied the old negro, "ef she had er died dar wouldn' been nuttin' mo' to tell, an' what I guine tell now is de bes' part, caze hit show dat whosomever is med'l'some, whe'er 'tis fish er folks, dey guine to git in trouble 'fo' dey git thu.

"Well, whin Mrs. Bass wen' home dat night, she didn' slep' none, but jes' study an' study all night how she gui to git even wid Mr. Cat. She didn' go ve'y fur de nex two er th'ee days, needer, but jes' lay 'roun', lazy like, gittin' well an' still a stud'in' 'bout Mr. Cat. When Friday night come she had done study out her plan, an' ef anybody could a lookt in an' seen her sleepin' dat night, dey 'd a seen her laughin' in her sleep even, she wuz so glad.

"She got up betimes Sat'day mawnin' an' wen' to wuck an' she wuck harder en she ever wuck befo', 'cep'in' mebbe de time whin she fit Mr. Cat. Well, de fust thing she done, she wen' 'roun' an' 'ax ole Mrs. Mus' Rat ef she wouldn' lend her her house fer a couple o' days, an' Mrs. Mus' Rat say she would. Den Mrs. Mus' Rat lef an' Mrs. Bass wen' in an' look 'roun' a little, an' den she sot to wuck; fust, she got a great big pile o' rocks an' put 'em in de house, den she got a whole lot o' clay an' pile dat up in de house; den she wen' in herse'f.

"Is you ever seen a rock mason wuck, son?" Being answered in the negative, Uncle Davy continued: "Well, ef you hed a seen Mrs. Bass dat day, you'd a seen one. I's seen a heap o' niggers whar call deyse'f rock masons dat couldn' hel' a can'le to her, she wuck dat fars'. By two o'clock she had done jam rock an' mortar all whar de do' wuz, jes' lef'in' a hole 'bout big enough fer a good-size baby to git he fis' in.

"How did Mrs. Bass get out, Uncle Dave; she couldn' get through a hole that small, could she?" The little boy inwardly comparing a baby's fist to the head of his six-pound bass.

"She didn' got out; dat is, she didn' got out yit. She couldn' hardly stuck her nose thu dat hole—but I'se gui tell you arfter while how she got out." Well, dat ev'nin' arf she done finish gittin' ev'y thing straight, she wuz

settin' dar lookin' out o' what wuz lef' o' de do', whin Mr. Sucker he happin to come by. 'Good ev'nin', Mrs. Bass,' he say, 'what you mean by stoppin' yo'se'f up in Mrs. Mus' Rat's house like dis?' Den Mrs. Bass ax him fer to come up clost, she got sumpin she wan' tell him.

"He come up to whar she wuz at an' den she tole him all 'bout how she wuz layin' fer Mr. Cat; den she tole him es how she been so busy gittin' ready dat she hadn' had time to git nuttin' to eat, an' ef he wouldn' go an' ax dem Pike boys to fetch her a few minners.

"Mr. Sucker wen' an' ax 'em, den he come back. 'Is dar anythin' mo' I kin do fer you, Mrs. Bass?' he ax.

" 'Yes,' say Mrs. Bass, 'you's mighty kin', Mr. Sucker, an' I hates to gin you so much trouble, but I wush you'd go an' tell Mr. Cat dat I'll have he breakfas' ready fer him to-morrow mawnin' at six o'clock; an' ef you think any o' de yuther fish will enjoy seein' what I tole guine happin in de mawnin', you kin ax 'em to come 'roun'."

"Mr. Sucker den wen' an' tole Mr. Cat 'bout he breakfas', an' Mr. Cat he jes' laugh an' holler, he felt so proud. He call Cap'n Eel an' tole him fer to go 'roun' an' tell all de fishes to come in de mawnin' to see him meck he breakfas' on Mrs. Bass' chillun. Cap'n Eel he lef' den fer to tell 'em what Mr. Cat tole him. Mr. Sucker, he foll'd long behine, an' ev'y time Cap'n Eel tell some fish what Mr. Cat tole him to tell 'em, Mr. Sucker he'd wait till de Cap'n got out o' hearin', den he'd tell 'em what Mrs. Bass tole him to tell 'em.

"Well, Sunday mawnin' come, an' by light de fish gin to 'semble 'roun' Mrs. Mus' Rat's house so thick hit lookt like Pharoah's army. Seem like ev'y fish in de river wuz dar, sech a swishin' goin' on, dat de water fyar foam on top. I spec, son, ef you'd a been dar an' drap a hook, den snatch it up right quick, you'd cot plenty fish 'dout baitin' yo' hook.

"Well, Mr. Cat, he come prancin' up pres'n'y, an' Mr. Sucker, he wen' out to meet him; he ax him jes' to wait on de outside a minute, till he meck de 'rangements fer he breakfas'. Den Mr. Sucker wen' to Mrs. Bass an' tole her dat ev'y thing wuz ready, an' he guine ax de fishes to stan' back an' meck a lane fer Mr. Cat to come thu; dey all fell back, den Mr. Sucker wen' out an' sco't Mr. Cat thu de lane up to whar Mrs. Bass wuz at.

" 'Good mawnin', Mrs. Canible,' Mr. Cat

say, 'I hope you's feelin' well dis mawnin', marm.'

" 'Thanky, Mr. Cat, I's feelin' ve'y well, 'cep'in' I ain' got my full strength back yit. I hope you ain' suffen none fum de 'fects o' de fight.'

" 'Nor, indeed,' Mr. Cat say, 'you never hu't me none, Mrs. Canible. I never felt better in my life, 'cep'in' I am right hongry; I never et no supper lars nigh—wen' 'idout so I'd have a good apertite fer breakfas'."

"Mrs. Bass, she didn' say nuttin' to dat, but she sorter smile an' say to herse'f dat 'twould be a long time 'fo' dat apertite wuz fulfilled ef he 'pended on her to full it wid her chillun.

"So Mr. Cat, he kep' on talkin': 'Why is yo' done shut yo'se'f up in sech a cu'rous lookin' house, Mrs. Canible? I do' know es I ever seen sech a curious house befo', an' it 'pears to me dat dis is whar ole Mrs. Mus' Rat use' to live at.'

" 'I s'pose it do look curious to you,' Mrs. Bass say, 'but I'll tell you why it look so: I borrowed Mrs. Mus Rat's house so I could cyar out de 'greement I had wid you 'fo' we fit; you know my chillun is gittin' right smart size now, an' dey's sorter hard to han'l, an' I tho't de onls way to meck sho on 'em wuz to stop 'em up somewhar; so I borrowed Mrs. Mus' Rat's house an' fix it so dat onct I got 'em in, dar wan' no chance fer 'em to git out.'

" 'Dat wuz ve'y thoughtful, Mrs. Canible, but why is you done shot yo'se'f up too?' Mr. Cat ax.

" 'I come in myse'f so I could meck sho dey couldn' git out; an' o' course, Mr. Cat, it's natchul I wan' be wid 'em jes' long es I could. Hit's a mighty hard thing to see yo' chillun et up right 'fo' yo' face—but 'greements is 'greements, so whinsomever you is ready, Mr. Cat, jes' come right in an' I'll han' 'em to you one at de time ur two at de time, any way you call fer.'

"Mr. Cat tu'n 'roun' an' wink to de crowd, den he say: 'Ve'y well, Mrs. Canible, I's mighty hongry, an' I spec de sooner 'tis over wid de better 'twill be.' Den he gin anuther wink to de crowd an' start in.

"He got he head in, but de hole wan' big enough to git he stickers in, so dar he wuz wid he head on de inside an he stickers on de outside. "Hil Mrs. Canible,' he say, 'you didn' lef' de hole big ernough; I got my head in, but I cyarn git my stingers thu.'

"'T's ve'y sorry, Mr. Cat,' Mrs. Bass say, 'I don't see how I made sech a mistake; jes' wait a minute an' mebbe I kin 'sist you to git in.' Mrs. Bass sorter look 'roun' den, makin' like she wuz stud'in' some way to he'p him in. Arf' while she say: 'I cyarn see how I made sech a mistake, but I think I kin fix it dough, Mr. Cat; I'll jes' chip erway a little offen each side o' de hole, den yo' stickers will slip thu all right. But I'll be wuckin' putty clost to yo' head, Mr. Cat, an' I spec you better kep' yo' eyes shot tight right in case a little piece o' mortar mout happin' to fly in 'em. We cyarn be too perticiler 'bout our eyes. Yes, das it—keep 'em shot right tight, now; 'twon' teck me no time hardly.'

"Son, dat wuz de lars minute ever Mr. Cat wuz a good-lookin' fish."

"What did Mrs. Bass do, Uncle Dave?" the little fellow asked eagerly.

"What did she done? Whin he shot he eyes, she shot down on he head wid her mouf, an' dar she hel' him—das what she done. Dat's what she done plan to do, an' das what she done. Yes, suh, jes' time he shot dem eyes, Mrs. Bass opin her mouf an' grab he whole head, an' she hel' him dat tight he couldn' even holler. He twis' an' he tu'n, but he couldn' do nuttin'; he try to git in an' he try to back out' but 'twan' no use, Mrs. Bass had him, an' ev'y time he 'riggle she prize he head dat much harder."

"Well, Uncle Dave, why didn't he fight and use his stingers?" the lad asked.

"How he guine fight whin he stingers wuz on de outside? Don' you see, son, Mrs. Bass fix it jes' dat erway; she knowed she cyrn do nuttin' wid him in a roll an' tumble fight, caze de stingers wuz too much fer her; so she made dat hole jes' right fer him to git he head in, an' de res' on him be on de outside. She wan' no mo' feared o' dem stingers den en I's feared o' lizards in de Winter time; not a bit mo', caze she knowed dar wuz rock an' mortar twix' her an' dem.

Well, dar dey had it—he 'riggle an' she prize, he 'riggle an' she prize, but Mrs. Bass had it all her way; Mr. Cat he wuz clean out done at lars.

"Dey kep' on dat 'erway a long time, but arf' while Mrs. Bass' jaws gin to git sorter tired an' she slackin' her holt a little fer to res' 'em, an' le' Mr. Cat git bref ernough to say sumpin'—she wan' see what he gui say.

"I dcn' rec'on dar ever wuz a fish dat beag

hard es Mr. Cat did den; he tole Mrs. Bass he'd do anything in de worl' she ax him ef she jes' le' him go. He promise dis an' he promise dat, but de onlys answer he got back wuz Mrs. Bass' jaws sot all de harder. De nex' time Mrs. Bass gin him a breavin' spell, he didn' say nuttin' to her, but he beag de yuther fish fer to come an' he'p him. Which does you rec'on dey did, come an' he'p him ur no?"

"I don't know, Uncle Dave," the little boy replied, "but I don't think they ought to have helped him, did they?"

"Well, dey did an' dey didn'—'twuz dis erway: Mr. Sucker, a rarscal, he put 'em up up to it; he tole 'em as how dey oughtn' let one fish run over anuther one like dat, but dey ought he'p de one whar wuz gittin' de wus on it—whin he say dat he sorter rech he head up an' peep over top Mr. Cat at Mrs. Bass, an' gin her a sly wink—den he say: 'We mus' pull Mr. Cat out. We cyarn stan' heah an' heah him ax fer he'p an' us not raise a han' fer him. Now, I wan' five o' y'all to come on each side o' Mr. Cat an' each man kech holt o' one scale, an' whin I counts th'ee all pull toge'er."

"Well, de fust pull dey made five scales come off'n each side, but Mr. Cat never move; dey tried ag'in, but Mr. Cat ain' move yit. Den Mr. Sucker tole 'em not to git miscour-age, but jes' keep on tryin', dey be boun' to git him loose arter while. De fish whar wuz pullin' sorter cot on den to what Mr. Sucker wuz up to, but stid o' quittin', dey wen' at it all de harder, caze didn' none un 'em like Mr. Cat, an' dey wuz glad to gin him little punishment whiles he wuz in sech a clost place he couldn' hurt 'em back; so dey pulled an' dey pulled, till at lars dar wan' narry nuther scale lef' on Mr. Cat, an' he been jes' slick es a rotten cucaber fum dat day to dis."

At this point the old negro drew from his pocket a large twist of "home-spun" and proceeded to leisurely bite off a chew, not that the already ample one needed replenishing, but as a means to hide an almost irrepressible smile. Finally he turned around to his companion, who was gazing at him in open-eyed astonishment.

"You look like you don' wan' to b'lieve dat, but hit's so. Step back out dar an' fetch dat ole cat o' mine heah, an' I'll show you. Now look an' see ef you kin fin' arry scale on him."

The little fellow looked at the fish thor-

oughly and then admitted that he could not find any scales.

"Now, don' you see?" said Uncle Dave, "hits jes' like I tell you: dey pulled he lars one off'n him, an' dey ai' never growed back sence; 'lease I ai' never seen 'em nur hearn talk o' none."

"Uncle Dave," the little boy asked, "what did Mrs. Bass do while the other fish were trying to pull Mr. Cat away from her; did she get mad?"

"Nor, indeed, she knowed what Mr. Sucker had done put 'em up to, and she jes' laugh an' 'joyed it. But Mrs. Bass wuz gittin' mighty tired by dat time; she had done been prizin' down on Mr. Cat's head fer nigh two hours, an' her jaws wuz achin' so bad she couldn' stan' it no longer, so she 'cided to le' him go.

"Well suh, whin she le' him go, he tried to back out, but he head had done been mashed so flat dat he couldn' come no whar nigh gittin' it out. Den Mrs. Bass hollered to de yuther fish dat she had done tu'n Mr. Cat loose, an' she wush dey'd teah de do' down so he an' her could git out. Dey all sot to wuk an' soon had de do' tored down; den Mr. Cat an' Mrs. Bass comed out.

"Dar wuz gre't times 'roun' Mrs. Mus' Rat's house den, I tell you. All de fish wan' git a look at Mr. Cat, an' dey crowd 'roun' him jes' es thick es hops. An' ef dar ever wuz a sorry-lookin' sight, 'twuz him—dar he sot, too 'shamed to swi'ch he tail even, an' all dem fish gazin' 'pon him like he wuz de tu'n-out at a show; an' he look pitiful too, all he scales done gone an' he head mashed jes' flat es a fridder. But he yit had plenty life in him, fer all at onct he got tired o' dem fish makin' fun on him, an' he meck a break right thu 'em.

"You jes' ought to seen dem fish fell back whin he start! Dey clean fergit 'bout de masht head an' 'bout how he been so outdone; all dey wuz thinkin' 'bout wuz dem same ole stingers; dey wuz still on him, sharp es ever an' ready fer another fight ef anything pestered him much.

"Well, arf Mr. Cat got erway fum 'em,

he wan' see how he look sence he got in de row, so he wen' on to he lookin'-glass."

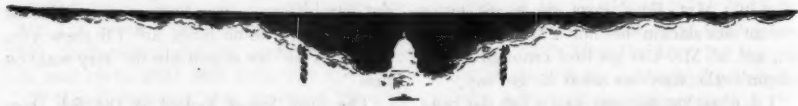
"Do fish have looking-glasses, Uncle Dave?" the lad interjected.

"Well, dey don' have 'em like we does, but dey has 'em. Springs is dey lookin'-glasses. Whin Mr. Cat got to his'n, he jumt up an' whiles he wuz up he look down in de water to see hese'f; he seen all he scales wuz gone, but he didn' teck notice o' he head an' mouf, so he jumt ag'in. Dis time he jumt so he could git a good look at he head an' mouf, an' de sight he seen mus' put'n nigh parilize him. He fell back in de water like he wuz dead, an' lay dar a long time jes' thinkin' 'bout how all he good looks done sp'ilt. He didn' min' so much losen he scales, but he'd allus pride hese'f on havin' sech a good-lookin' head an' mouf, an' 'Now,' he he say to hese'f, 'jes' look at 'em! Dey looks mo' like a pocket-book den dey does like a fish head an' mouf."

"Well, Mr. Cat stayed dar all day jes' thinkin' 'bout how ugly he look. He wuz too 'shamed to show he face out in de river; but whin night come he creep back an' whin ev'ything got quiet an' he wuz sho wan' nuttin' gui see him, he wen' to wuck an' bury hese'f down in de mud to keep de yuther fish fum seein' him, an' dar he stays to dis day, 'cep'in' whin de water is muddy es de mud. Das why he come out today. You see de water is mighty muddy, an' I's done teck notice dat de bass don' tu'n about much whin its dat erway, caze dey know de cats is prowl-in' 'roun' an' dey don' wa' git all stuck up full o' holes like ole Mrs. Bass wuz."

As Uncle Dave finished speaking the little boy picked up the catfish and while giving it a close examination he noticed the tentacles 'round its mouth. "What are these, Uncle Davy?" he asked.

"Dem? Why dem's he whiskers, son; he ain' never shave sence de day he got he head masht—I rec'on mebbe he think sometime dey'll be done growed long enough to hide dat ugly mouf. Well, ef dar ain' yo' pa comin' back a'ready, an' I boun' he ain' had no better luck en we is."



THE WISDOM OF HAGAR

By Emily Ruth Calvin

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I

INCLUDING THE BABY

THERE were five of them, including the baby. Their names were Hagar, Tessie, Mary, Ezekiel and The Baby. Hagar knew that the baby would soon have to be given a real name, for in her limited experience she had learned that babies were a drug in the market. When there was nothing else, there was always a baby.

Hagar was eleven, and Hagar was the ruling spirit of the family. She was clever and original, a small child with great dark eyes and a low brow from which the straight hair rolled gracefully back. She loved the luxuries of life, as she had read of them, and frequently wished that she might by waving her hand have a dozen servants spring to do her bidding.

Hagar viewed everything, that is, nearly everything, with calm, critical eyes. The mere matter of relationship did not impress her. One day she spoke rudely to her mother. She did not raise her voice, she simply stated a fact which she had thought out. She had brought home from school a poor report card.

"I'm ashamed of you, Hagar," said her mother; "you are not a bit smart."

Hagar looked back at her mother, as she answered deliberately. "Isn't that conceited of you, mother?"

"What do you mean?" asked her mother sharply.

"I'm your child," Hagar answered. "I inherited everything from you. If you had been very smart, then perhaps I should have been smart."

"Hagar!" her mother said sharply again.

"Don't you see, mother," continued Hagar, relentlessly, "that it is very conceited of you to expect me to be smart. It is as much as saying that you are smart."

The mother looked helplessly at her child. She told the father that night. After supper he invited Hagar for a walk.

Now Hagar was passionately devoted to her father, yet there was no haze about her devotion. He was tall and handsome, and very clever. Hagar knew that. She had heard people say that he was a cultured man. She also knew that they were poor, but that her father bore himself like a king through his poverty.

When they had started on their walk, Hagar's father turned suddenly to his daughter.

"Hagar," he said, "your mother tells me that you spoke in an impudent manner to her today."

Hagar looked up quickly.

"You know, father," she said, in her soft tones, behind which so much power lay, "you know that mother is very aggravating at times. You have not lived with her all these years without finding that out."

The man beside her looked away. He did not know quite what to say. Then a little hand stole into his.

"Father."

"Yes, Hagar."

"When you tell me what to do, what is naughty and what isn't, doesn't the same rule apply to you?"

"I think so, Hagar."

"Well, mother has often told me that she doesn't want to hear tales. You know, father,

*'Tattle Tale Tit, your tongue shall be split,
And every little dog in town shall have a little bit.'*

"That's different, Hagar," her father said, that's different."

Hagar looked up to his troubled face. She would do some things differently, she knew, but she loved him very, very much.

"I love you, Daddy," she said, fervently, stopping suddenly and kissing his hand.

"I'm very glad, little daughter," he answered.

Then they returned in silence to the home.

Hagar had already learned the character of her sister Tessie; dear little innocent Tessie with big blue eyes and rosebud mouth. Everybody loved Tessie; Hagar loved her well, but she did not refrain from trying to teach her many things. Tessie was nine. She was a home girl. She carried the baby, washed him sometimes, crooned him to sleep at night, and did many other little domestic services. But when it came to things of responsibility, Hagar was depended on. When another baby made its appearance, Hagar took the reins into her competent hands. There were many things that she didn't like to do, so with ingenuity she inveigled Tessie into their performance. If Tessie objected, then Hagar commanded, always in that still voice with the iron will behind it. Tessie wheeled the baby in his perambulator till her little feet ached and the salt tears scalded her eyes. Hagar wheeled him till she felt tired, and then pinched him and took him crying to his mother. She did not hesitate in the least. She pinched him on a soft part and not very much, as she explained to horrified Tessie, but just enough to make him want his mother. And this was entirely right, according to Hagar.

Yet—yet when that small baby lay dying, Hagar carried him in her thin arms for five hours, soothing him and issuing commands to those about her.

"Tessie, run across the street and tell the doctor to come again. Tell him baby curls up his toes. Mother, you put on the hot water and get the bed ready. There, there, darling, Hagar is here—"

Hagar sat on the front stairs after the baby had gone home, her big eyes looking out into the future.

"Are you sorry, Hagar?" Tessie's voice was low. "Are you sorry now that you used to pinch him?"

Hagar did not move as she answered:

"No, I'm not sorry. If he had lived it would have been good for him. He should have learned to bear hardships. And you don't understand, Tessie—you never do. It wasn't a hurt pinch, but just enough to rouse him."

But then there came another baby, and nobody knew that Hagar thought of the little

dead baby every day, because few understood her.

Before the last baby came, Hagar's mother told her suddenly to run downstairs for Mrs. Cunea. Hagar did not wait, for in her childish innocence she knew all. Then her mother told someone else to go for the father.

Hagar sat on the stairs and waited for him. She sat with her elfish face buried in her hands, a quaint little figure. When she heard the door open, she crept slowly to her father and hooked her hand in his arm.

"Daddy," she said slowly, "Daddy."

"What is it, Hagar?" he said, looking down at her.

"Daddy, can you bear it?" she asked again, "I think—I'm sure there's going to be another baby. I've learned the signs, Daddy," she concluded wearily.

"The signs, Hagar—"

"The signs, father. Mother sends me for Mrs. Cunea; then she sends for you; then they shut me out; then you come and finally say: 'Hagar, you have a new little brother—or perhaps sister.'"

"You don't like it, Hagar?" The man's tones were wistful.

"What, the baby, father? I don't like it much in the beginning, but after a while I do. But then at first it means no school, father, meals every two hours for mother, washing the children and sending them to school, and lots of arguments with Tessie as to how much work she should do. But I'm sorry for you, father. It's a blow, isn't it?"

The man suddenly stooped and kissed his daughter. But he did not answer and passed on upstairs, where Hagar's worst fears were confirmed.

One day Hagar propounded a question to Tessie.

"I'm looking at nothing, Tessie," she said, her eyes fixed vaguely into space. Do the same thing."

Tessie endeavored to look at nothing, Hagar watching her keenly.

"You're looking at the clock now, Tessie," she insisted. "Now you're looking at the wall."

Tessie patiently fixed her eyes again, but the relentless Hagar went on:

"You're looking at the dishes now; now you are just staring at the floor; now at the ceiling."

Tessie looked again at her sister.

"I don't believe you looked at nothing," she finally cried, "do it again."

Hagar ingeniously fixed her eyes again, and Tessie watched her with awe.

"Now you do it if you can," Hagar said.

Tessie fixed her eyes upon everything in the room, Hagar taunting her with:

"Now you're looking again at the clock; now you're looking at the bookcase."

Poor Tessie, with one of the quick bursts of temper that sometimes escaped her, shrieked at the top of her voice and grew purple, her sweet blue eyes filling with tears and her mouth trembling.

The mother came rushing in. In her arms she had the baby, who was crying at the top of his voice.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

Neither child spoke. At this inopportune moment Mary and Ezekiel entered, quarrelling, Mary crying and Ezekiel scolding at the top of his voice.

"The only way to do with you children," said the exasperated mother, "is to whip you all. March into the bedroom."

Tessie began to beg; Mary said she had meant nothing; Ezekiel rubbed his fists into his eyes, but Hagar flung her head up and headed the procession to the bedroom.

But Hagar sought the closet. She pulled her mother's dress about her, while Tessie was too afraid to get beyond the middle of the room.

The mother entered later. She had a strap in her hand. She systematically whipped each child, then started for the closet for Hagar. She wielded the strap, and with each lash Hagar's voice rose in protestation.

"Don't do that, mother; I wouldn't if I were you; I'll not be any better for it, I can tell you."

Then the tired woman scolded them well and left the room. Hagar emerged from the closet untouched.

"Why did you do it?" asked the astonished Tessie, for she knew her sister was always the soul of honor.

"Because, Tessie," Hagar said, "because I should dislike her intensely if she hit me hard when she was mad. I don't want to dislike her, and I thought I'd rather pretend, much as I hate to; I'd rather hate myself than my mother, you know."

"O, Hagar, you are a naughty girl," Tessie began.

Hagar took her by the chin and turned her face up to the light.

"Look here, Tessie," she said, "can't you ever understand? Is it better to dislike her or to pull a dress around my legs?"

Poor Tessie looked admiringly but incomprehendingly at her sister.

"It's better, Hagar, to pull a dress around your legs."

Sometimes Tessie told tales, and then Hagar disliked her for the time being. The evening of the whipping-bee, Tessie sought her father and pulled him to his chair at the table. Hagar was carrying in a dish of potatoes.

"Father," Tessie began, holding tight to his hand, "Hagar made me look at nothing today."

Hagar stood still in the middle of the room, the potatoes poised in one little hand.

The father looked puzzled.

"Yes, father," Tessie pursued, "she made me look at nothing, and finally I got angry."

The father could not make a sin out of that, and Tessie was not clever enough to tell the entire story. So he looked reprovably at the little girl.

"Hagar meant nothing wrong in such a simple thing, Tessie," he said. "It was silly of you to get angry."

Hagar placed the dish of potatoes at her father's elbow, but she did not deign to look at poor, humiliated Tessie, who crept silently to her seat at the table and shrank whenever Hagar's big eyes sought hers contemptuously.

II

COALS OF FIRE

HAGAR sat fanning herself, her foot on the baby's cradle. The fan she held was a round piece of cardboard with a painted lady. The handle was a stick. Tessie entered the room and Hagar commenced to hum.

"Look here, Tessie," Hagar said, "just listen to the lady sing."

Innocent Tessie paused. Hagar wafted the fan so that the edges of the cardboard caught her breath and a peculiar hissing sound ensued. Tessie's eyes opened wide.

"She does sing, doesn't she?" she said in awe.

"I said she did, didn't I?" Hagar answered coldly.

"Let me try," Tessie said.

Hagar handed her the fan. Tessie waved it before her and began to sing in her thin little voice, but the lady on the fan remained silent.

"Show me how, Hagar," she said.

Hagar took the fan again, and the same strange sound proceeded from the lips of the lady.

Tessie tried several times, then finally she became angry. "I'll tell mother," she said.

Hagar did not answer. She still moved the fan and the lady still sang.

"Do you hear, Hagar?" said Tessie, stamping her foot, "I'll tell mother."

Hagar looked at her sister. "What good will it do you?" she asked, "what good will do you? You'll say to mother: 'Hagar made the lady on the fan sing, and I couldn't.' Is that a sin?"

Poor Tessie! She was not subtle enough to tell the entire story of Hagar's teasing. She crept silently out of the room, and Hagar resumed her singing.

Hagar always took the children to Sunday school. Her mother insisted upon this. Sunday school was held in a little mission some fifteen blocks from where Hagar lived. Hagar liked her teacher very much, but she disliked to take the children with her; Tessie on one side, Mary on the other and Ezekiel tightly clutching Mary's hand. It was rather hard on Hagar, for Ezekiel always became tired after he had walked five or six blocks, and absolutely refused to move. Hagar would pick him up in her arms and carry him to the Mission, and it was usually a very white and tired little girl that sank into her chair next to the teacher. For she was her teacher's favorite. Indeed, the child's strong personality attracted all with whom she came in contact. The first Sunday that Hagar appeared with the three children, Ezekiel covered himself with disgrace by going to sleep during the superintendent's talk. Hagar looked across to the infant class, and her eyes widened with horror when she saw him. Suddenly during the singing of a hymn, Hagar sprang up and crossed the room to where her brother slept. She put her hand on his shoulder and shook him well.

"Ezekiel, Ezekiel," she cried, "wake up, wake up. You are here to listen to the Word of God. Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

A very agony of embarrassment filled her; for was she not responsible for the children's behaviour? But Ezekiel, tired little boy, slept on. He did not want to listen to anything. Hagar, with a courage and desperation born of the situation, lifted the heavy child and left the room. She walked rapidly toward her home, her thin arms breaking with their burden. When she finally staggered into the kitchen where her mother sat, she let the child roll to the floor.

Hagar sank down beside him. She was not a strong child, and the weight had been too much for her. But suddenly she put head down on her folded arms and great sobs shook her body.

"Oh, mother, mother," she gasped, "Ezekiel went to sleep in Sunday school."

The mother sat aghast. To see Hagar cry was an unusual occurrence. The father came in from the little sitting-room and took his daughter in his arms.

"There, there, Hagar, daughter, don't cry," he said; but a very tempest shook the child. Poor little Ezekiel, the cause of it all, sat up and looked at his sister.

"What a matter, ma?" he asked.

"You naughty boy," the mother scolded, "Hagar says you went to sleep in Sunday school."

"Didn't! I didn't!" the boy shouted. "Naughty Hagar, tell 'tory. Ezekiel pretend; just shut his eyes."

But Hagar could not be comforted. Her father gently removed the little worn coat, and then chafed the child's hands. He whispered words of tender love in her ear. He loved this daughter, this daughter who was a very child of him. He loved her naughtiness, her nobleness, and her sensitiveness. Soon he had her quiet and carried her to bed. He sat beside her till the tenseness of her body relaxed and she just lay and stared at him, and wondered dimly if there could be any comfort left for her.

"Can we outlive it, father?" she asked, finally.

"Yes, Hagar," was all he said in his wisdom.

"I can never go to Sunday school again, Daddy," she said, weakly. "It is dreadful to sleep when the Word of God is going on."

But later the teacher came to see Hagar. And she talked for a long time, and two Sundays later Hagar, to please her, crept, a

shrinking little figure, into her seat at Sunday school.

Tessie and Hagar slept together in the same bed. Near the window stood a smaller bed in which Mary and Ezekiel slept. Owing to Hagar's advanced age, she was allowed to remain up longer than the other children, a fact which Tessie greatly resented.

Hagar enjoyed the hour that she remained up after Tessie had retired; but she did not enjoy going to her cold place next to Tessie. So when she stepped into bed, she pushed her sister into the cold place and lay down comfortably in the vacant warm one. Tessie was a sound sleeper, and beyond an unconscious murmur, did nothing.

But the second night the shock was so great when she rolled into the cold place, that she set up a cry which awakened her mother, and caused her to start from bed and inquire into the cause.

Tessie indignantly told her. Hagar lay with her dark eyes staring at the ceiling. Finally she spoke.

"Isn't she selfish, mother, that she won't let me get warm?"

"Hagar," the mother answered; "you have no right to push your sister to a cold part of the bed. You are the selfish one."

"I don't think so, mother," Hagar answered judiciously, "Tessie has been warm for over an hour now, and she ought to be willing to let me get warm. Besides, I'm thinner than she is."

"I'm not going to argue every question with you," the mother answered impatiently. "But the next time you push Tessie onto a cold spot, I'm going to whip you. Remember, I'm good as my word."

Hagar did not reply. She simply raised herself and silently pushed Tessie back to her old place.

"I'd do it for you, Tessie," she said, finally, when the mother had left the room. "If you were cold or hungry or sick, or anything like that, I'd make you warm, I'd give you my last crust of bread, and I'd nurse you."

Tessie did not reply. She simply went to sleep.

The next day Hagar did not speak to her sister, but toward evening Tessie crept humbly to her, and kissing the dark velvet cheek, asked forgiveness. Immediately Hagar passed her arm about her sister's waist and returned the kiss.

Hagar and Tessie took the younger children to kindergarten every morning. So many errands had to be done—two rooms had to be dusted, beside dressing the baby—that it was usually very late before Hagar started away with the children tagging after her.

It was a very cold morning, and tiny Ezekiel clung desperately to Hagar's hand. Tessie walked as usual next to Hagar, and Tessie was cross. She did not like to help take the children to kindergarten, although she did not have to call for them at noon. Hagar did that. So when Hagar asked her a simple question, "Is my nose red, Tessie?" she snapped out the answer.

"No, it isn't."

They had proceeded a few steps when Hagar again asked:

"Did you say my nose was red, Tessie?"

Tessie looked at her sister's nose.

"It's getting red," she answered surlily.

So every few steps Hagar repeated the question, till Tessie had reached almost the end of her endurance. Had she been at home, she would have screamed. As it was, she had simply to boil within. Finally Hagar put the obnoxious words to a monotonous tune, and at suitable intervals sang:

"Is my nose red, Tessie?"

At one time the tune ended on a high note, at another it sank dismally. Then Hagar, who was nothing if not original, trilled the question, ending with a *la, la, la*.

Poor Tessie! She could not break away and run, for she remembered sundry warnings that had been given and dire threats that pursued her even now. So, for several blocks she had to endure the terrible question. When they left the children at the kindergarten, Hagar simply hummed the tune; but as they parted at the school-room door, her last question was:

"Is my nose red, Tessie?"

Now Tessie knew of no redress, as she passed raging to her seat. She knew now how it would sound to say to her mother:

"Hagar asked me this morning if her nose was red."

She could see Hagar's indifferent face as she told her mother this, and she could see the surprise on her mother's face. Why should Tessie become enraged at such a simple, innocent question? So a dire plot formed in her mind, and after school she pro-

ceeded to unravel it. Hagar was eating a piece of bread and syrup. She had the eternal baby in her arms and she was listening to her mother's voice as she talked to a neighbor.

Then Tessie came in. Her mother turned to see that she hung up her coat and hat.

"Mother," began Tessie in a determined voice, "Mother, Hagar pushed me out of my place again last night."

Hagar gasped. She had not done so, but she did not answer.

"She did?" the mother answered. "Hagar, what did I tell you? That I would whip you?"

"Yes," answered Hagar, as she swallowed the last crumb of bread, "but you've said that before, mother, and then you haven't done it."

This answer doubly exasperated the mother.

"Well, this time, young lady," she said, "I'll not forget. Go and remove your dress. Tessie, bring me the strap."

Tessie, with her courage screwed to the sticking point, brought the strap. Hagar *would* ask her a million times if her nose was red!

Hagar removed her dress. Her little thin arms lay against her cotton petticoat. Her dark eyes looked steadfastly at her mother.

"A hard whipping, mother?" she asked anxiously. Hagar could not bear physical pain, and she knew that her father had asked her mother not to whip her.

"Wait and see," said the mother. She thought she was doing her duty. Hagar must be taught to obey.

She struck her several times on the back, and each time the girl winced. Then she laid the strap heavily on the child's legs. Hagar did not cry. Her little face grew paler and her eyes shadowed with fear, but she said nothing. Little Mary cried and tried to fling herself around her sister. But the mother pushed her away. Tessie looked on, but said nothing.

When it was over, Hagar crept to her bed and lay down. She wondered why Tessie had told the lie. Then suddenly she knew. After the stings had passed away, Hagar still lay thinking. She knew that Tessie would eventually confess, and Hagar hoped that it would be soon. She knew then that her mother would be sorry that she had whipped her unjustly. And Hagar realized that she

could assume the attitude of a suffering martyr, than which nothing would please her better. She could pull down her lips at the corner and open her eyes wide and look sorrowfully at her mother and shrinking Tessie. Yes, the whipping was worth while.

That night at supper, when the father sat at the head of the table, little Mary burst out:

"Daddy, Daddy, Mother—"

"Father, may I have coffee tonight?"

It was Hagar's voice that broke in on little Mary's eager recital. She did not want the child to tell that she had been whipped, for she remembered distinctly her father asking his wife not to whip her.

The father, unconscious of the little by-play, answered:

"Not tonight, Hagar, it isn't good for you."

But poor, sinful Tessie cried herself to sleep. Hagar had already assumed her title role, and whenever she looked at Tessie she smiled bravely, but Tessie saw the heart-break behind the smile.

Next morning Hagar gave her a piece of candy that she had been saving for some time. She desired to hasten Tessie's confession so that she might more openly take her part.

The candy did what was intended. Immediately Tessie began to cry. The mother looked around.

"What's the matter now, Tessie?" she asked.

"Oh, mother, mother," the child gasped, "I told a lie on Hagar; she didn't push me out of my place that night. I told a lie, and you whipped her for nothing."

Perplexed, the mother stood and looked at the children. A quick remorse filled her that she had unjustly whipped the child.

"I'm ashamed of you, Tessie," she began, when Hagar interposed.

"Never mind, mother," she said gently, her voice quavering artistically, "I deserved it, I suppose." Her voice faded away. Hagar was in the height of her enjoyment. She had created a situation and was living in it.

"Come here, Tessie," the mother said again. As the child stood before her, she went on. "See how good and kind your sister is. You'll never do it again, will you?"

"Oh, never, never, never, mother," the girl sobbed, "I'll be awfully good now."

So for a week Hagar preserved the same

gentle expression, the same sweet reproach dwelt within her eyes, when they rested on poor shrinking Tessie. She daily heaped coals of fire on her sister's undeserving and shrinking head. And when, with unerring touch, she placed her finger on Tessie's sore spot and again asked: "Is my nose red?" Tessie answered sorrowfully, "No, Hagar," for she understood that Hagar knew.

And until the poignancy of the situation wore off, Hagar starved successfully.

III

CUTTING TESSIE'S HAIR

THERE was nothing that Hagar would not attempt to do. So, when in a family council it was decided that Tessie's hair should be cut short, Hagar at once determined to save the quarter that the operation would cost. She did not say this to her mother, but when the first opportunity presented itself, she seized it.

The mother went down town, leaving Hagar in charge of the children. Then Hagar said to Tessie:

"Mother says that your hair is very thin, Tessie, and will grow better if it is cut. I'm willing to do it."

"I'm not willing to have you," said Tessie, shortly.

Hagar looked at her reproachfully. Then Tessie remembered the unjust whipping.

"Very well, Hagar, if you think you can do it all right."

Hagar was sure that she could. And she was very willing to give good measure.

"If the baby sleeps long enough, Tessie," she said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll fix your finger-nails, too."

"Fix my finger-nails? What do you mean?" asked Tessie.

"Well, you know," said Hagar, "a girl at school told me that her mother has her nails manicured. I'm willing to manicure yours. It's beautiful. Don't you want me to do it?" she asked, as a shadow fell on Tessie's face.

"Yes, yes," Tessie said, "but does it take instruments?"

"It takes a file and a polisher. I've got both. I borrowed them."

Hagar's triumphant announcement caused Tessie's eyes to open.

"Where did you get them?" she asked at once.

"This girl lent them to me. Well, come, Tessie, and let me cut your hair. You know if we want to do anything, the baby always wakes and cries."

"Mother told you to put the beans on for supper," Tessie said, trying to avert the fatal moment.

"Plenty of time for that," Hagar replied, calmly. "Come here and kneel before me."

Hagar did not hesitate at all. What others could do, she could do. Even if she were not a barber, she knew that it required little skill to cut the hair short. She combed Tessie's thin locks out, and then ran the scissors through them. The hair fell to the floor. Now came the most important part of all.

"Do you want it very thin in the back, Tessie?" Hagar asked. "Remember, that's your responsibility, so think it over well."

Tessie paused. Then: "Not too thin, Hagar. Just nice."

Hagar pursed her lips in a thin line and took the hair up through the comb. She felt that she had snipped off too much, as the right side of the head was almost bald. So she proceeded to the left side.

Here she was more careful. But still the hair resembled steps, so Hagar clipped and clipped, till a few more bald spots appeared.

"Is it all right, Hagar?" Tessie asked anxiously.

"Don't I know how to do everything?" Hagar asked.

"Yes," said Tessie, "but make it nice, Hagar."

Hagar turned her attention to the front.

"Do you want bangs, Tessie?"

"I think so."

Hagar proceeded to cut the front hair. Inadvertently she cut the hair too short, so that unless bangs grew on one side, Tessie could not have bangs. So Hagar cut the hair squarely across the top of the brow. She treated the sides in the same way. Her heart failed her when she saw the result, so she clipped here and there, till Tessie's head looked like a moth-eaten rug. The bald spots predominated, and the hair was cut squarely across the front sides and back. Then Tessie arose to look in the glass.

"Don't you think it is beautiful?" said Hagar.

Tessie did not reply. She saw the image

of a childish face staring back at her; a little bald, round head with the hair in patches, a veritable caricature. But Hagar was mistress of the situation, as usual.

"I could have cut it exactly as a barber would, Tessie," she said, "but I know you like things original. It looks very French, and that's all the rage."

Still Tessie did not answer. Then she pointed a lean finger at a spot above her forehead.

"That's bald, Hagar," she said.

"Exactly as I intended, Tessie," Hagar replied, "don't you know when the hair is cut very close it comes in curly."

"Honest?"

"Of course it does."

"But now where it isn't bald it's bristly," said Tessie.

"Well, if you are not perfectly satisfied," said Hagar, "I'll fix it for you after I've done your nails. You come away from the glass and go back after awhile, then perhaps you'll like it better."

Hagar really had to confess to herself for a moment that unless she made the entire head bald she could not fix the hair, but she put that perplexing question away from her.

She started on Tessie's nails.

"They'll be very beautiful, Tessie," she said, finally. "You'll be proud of them."

She cut the nails straight across, and then filed them down nearly to the quick. Several times Tessie pulled her hand away with a howl of pain, but Hagar insisted upon going on.

"They'll be all right after I get through with them," she said confidently; "you see I'll polish them well."

When she had cut them all as short as possible, she started to polish them. Tessie's nails were thin and the friction burned her. But soon the job was ended and Tessie viewed the work dubiously.

"Don't they look nice?" Hagar demanded.

Poor, innocent Tessie! She looked first at Hagar and then at what remained of her nails.

"They hurt a little bit," she said.

"Do you mind the hurt when you know they look so well?" Hagar asked.

"I guess not," said Tessie. "Now I'll look at my hair again."

Tessie looked in the mirror. The caricature that was reflected therein frightened her

for a moment. A coquettish tuft of hair lay on one side surrounded with bald spots. In the back where any hair remained, it lay in steps. Suddenly as the horror of it burst upon Tessie, she opened her mouth and howled.

"I'll be ashamed to go to school," she cried.

Hagar spoke calmly.

"You love your parents very much, don't you?" she asked; "you've saved them a quarter, and yet you are not satisfied."

Tessie held her peace for a moment. Then she put her hands to her shaven head, when she immediately howled again.

"What's the matter now?" Hagar inquired.

"I can't scratch my head, my nails are so short," she cried.

"A lady never does that, Tessie," said Hagar primly.

"What if it itches?" Tessie paused for a moment.

"It never itches if she's a lady," Hagar replied.

"Well, mine does," said Tessie, "and I can't even scratch my face. I've got no hair and no nails!"

She cast herself down on the floor and burst into bitter weeping. Hagar was really hurt. She had intended to do her best, and the result had been disastrous. The baby wakened now, and she started to attend to him. Then she called to the sobbing Tessie.

"Sister!"

No answer. The shaven head was still bowed.

"Tessie, do you want to cut my hair?"

Tessie paused for a moment.

"Because, if you do, you may do so. You know glasses are always deceiving, and your head looks awfully cute."

"It's patchy, and you know it," said Tessie, resentfully.

"Well, if you think I did it purposely, you can cut my hair," said Hagar.

Tessie thought for a moment. There was some excuse for Hagar cutting her hair, because it had been decided that the hair should go, and Hagar had tried only to save some money. She decided that it was safer to leave Hagar's hair where it was.

The baby suddenly looking at Tessie, hid his little face on Hagar's shoulder and howled in terror. This was too much for poor Tessie, who ran shrieking from the room.

And the quarter was not saved. Tessie

was sent to the barber's to see if he could make her look less fearful. All he could do was to shave the entire head, and poor little Tessie had to wear an oil cap for several weeks.

"Was it wrong, Daddy?" Hagar asked the question falteringly.

"It depends, Hagar. Did you cut Tessie's hair for the fun of it?"

"Oh, no, no, father. Because I really wanted to save you a quarter."

"Hagar, the motive is always what counts. But you must not think that you can do everything. You have caused Tessie humiliation and pain."

Hagar was very sorry. She was extremely kind to Tessie, and did all that she could to make up to her.

When Tessie was hailed derisively by her schoolmates, Hagar would step to her side and with blazing eyes say:

"I did it, I cut her hair. You let her alone, or you'll have to answer to me."

Before the fury of those black eyes the children would turn away, and poor Tessie was left alone.

It was at this time that Hagar suffered as never before. One morning her mother sent her to the store to buy some butter. She gave the child five dollars, telling her to be very careful. When Hagar had purchased the butter, she found that she had just three minutes to reach school. She remembered her teacher's warning, to the effect that if she were late again she would be suspended. Poor Hagar! She stood between two fires; her mother on one side and her teacher on the other. She knew, too, that if she were suspended her mother would take the "disgrace," as she often termed it, very much to heart.

Hagar decided to go to school, first tucking the money carefully into her stocking. She thought her mother would understand that this was what she had done. But at ten o'clock, when Hagar was reading aloud, a knock was heard at the door. The teacher opened it and disclosed Hagar's mother. She silently beckoned to Hagar. The child went to the door, and fearfully drew her mother into the hall. She thrust the money into her mother's hand, hearing but dimly the scolding words that were addressed to her.

Then she went back to her seat, her cheeks flaming, for what would the other scholars

think of her? Hagar's pride was very great.

At noon she walked slowly down the street. She thought, if she could arrange it, that she would never go back to school again. She stood on the doorstep for a few moments before going upstairs. Suddenly her attention was attracted by the sound of a whip swung in the air.

Hagar, a child of tender heart, turned and saw a man abusing his horse frightfully. A great sob rose in her throat. Her feelings were greatly wrought upon, and the hot tears came to her eyes. With every lash, she shrank, and finally she thrust her closed fist into her mouth to prevent screaming. Then, as the man launched a kick at the suffering animal, Hagar flew toward him. She threw her small body upon him and beat him with her tense little hands.

"Let that horse alone," she cried, still hitting the man blindly. "Let him alone. Oh, oh, I hope God sends you to hell. I hope He makes you a horse with a cruel devil to beat—beat—beat you."

Then, with her strength almost gone, she ran back to her home. She pushed open the door, not noticing with her tear-blind eyes that her father sat at the table with his head resting on his hands. Her mother was talking rapidly and emphatically, but Hagar did not wait.

She flung herself upon her father and poured forth the story, her childish heart almost broken.

The man did not place his arm about her. He had been listening to recriminations for a full half-hour. His face was drawn and weary. He turned to Hagar and pushed her from him.

"It would be better for you, Hagar," he said coldly and deliberately, "if you would have as much feeling for your mother."

Hagar felt every drop of blood freeze within her. She drew a long, sobbing breath and looked at him with sorrow-stricken eyes.

"Daddy!"

"You cause her all sorts of unnecessary trouble," he repeated mechanically. "I say it would be better if you would show as much feeling for her as you do for a horse."

The child stared at him a moment longer. He, her best beloved! Her daddy, who had never failed to comfort her, the one she loved above all! The childish face was drawn and the thin shoulders stooped as if a heavy

burden had been placed upon them.

Silently she crept from the room. Poor little stricken child. Never in the years following did she suffer so deeply.

She heard her mother send Tessie back for the forgotten children at the kindergarten. She heard them sit down to luncheon, but Hagar lay on the bed staring at the ceiling, wondering in her anguish why she was forsaken.

The grief of a child thrown back upon itself — God alone knows the pity of it.

IV

"DADDY—MY DADDY"

HAGAR was ill. Hagar the delicate, yet the one who had never really given up. Her mother had found her lying on the bed; but when she spoke, and told her to get ready for school, Hagar did not reply.

Then the mother shook her, but still the child lay motionless. Frightened, the mother knelt beside her and felt the cold hands. In a great fear she called Tessie.

"Rub her hands, Tessie," she cried, "take off her shoes. Oh, Hagar, Hagar, what is the matter?"

But Hagar could not tell. Hagar was beyond all tenderness for the time being.

"I think, mother," Tessie said, "I think we'd better send for a doctor."

Even at this critical time, the poor mother stopped to think. Another doctor's bill. Every month she had to pay something to the doctor. But, as Hagar still lay motionless, she cried:

"Yes, yes, Tessie, go for him quick. Tell him to come at once."

When the doctor came, he looked gravely at Hagar. Then he turned to the mother.

"Have someone telephone for Doctor Gary. I need help."

The two doctors worked over Hagar for hours, as it seemed to the mother. Then one came out and said gravely and pityingly, "The child has not been a strong one, and we cannot rouse her. We cannot use desperate means. Has she a father?"

Hagar's mother broke down.

"Tears do no good," the doctor said. "Send for her father at once."

Tessie went for her father. Once the mother stole in to look at still Hagar. The

doctor spoke briefly: "We can do nothing. Her nails are turning."

Tessie ran as fast as her little feet could carry her to her father. At the sight of her, he looked up. He was pale and very unhappy. The sight of Hagar's face haunted him. He had spoken cruelly to her, and he remembered that the sensitive mouth had quivered at his words.

"Father, father, the doctor says come at once!"

He caught Tessie roughly by the arm.

"What is it? Hagar—"

"Yes, father, Hagar. The doctor says you should come at once. Oh, father, she won't speak."

Tessie began to cry and her thin voice rose shrilly.

"Oh, father, I wish she could cut my hair, or ask me if her nose was red. I wish she could, I wouldn't get mad—"

The father said nothing. Quickly he left his work and started for home. Oh God, if this first-born girl-child should be taken from him! He remembered her quaintness, her mischief and her great love for him. A very frenzy seemed to fall upon him. Suddenly he flung Tessie's hand from him, and started to run, his father-love urging him on. Breathless, he burst into the house. The mother, walking the floor, held up a forbidding finger. The doctor in the sick-room looked around, but the father did not heed, did not care. He must get to his child, his little girl.

He sank upon his knees at the bedside but Hagar did not welcome him with her strange, sweet smile. Her black eyes did not look back into his eagerly, lovingly. She lay so still, so quiet, and the doctor whispered that—that—

"No, no," the man cried, there is hope, she shall not die. My girl—"

"There must be quiet," the doctor commanded, "the child is in a stupor, and—"

Suddenly the father rose. He looked down at the tumbled hair of Hagar, the long lashes sweeping the cheek—

"You don't understand," he said, almost calmly, "you don't understand. I can't be quiet—she is my child. They put her in my arms when I was a very young man, and she cuddled up to me — yes, cuddled up to me, and—what, be quiet? I can't! Hagar, Hagar—"

He flung himself upon the still body. He caressed her hands; he kissed her cheeks, her mouth, her eyes:

"Hagar, Hagar, Daddy is calling you. He wants you, wants you. Speak to Daddy, to father. Come back to me, daughter. Oh, God, God, give her back to me, give her back to me, to cherish, to love—"

Hagar slowly opened her eyes. What the skill of doctors could not do, her father's love had done.

Slowly she turned to him and smiled.

"Daddy, daddy," she said, "do you remember I beat you at pachisi?"

But he did not answer. He grasped her little fingers in his, and in his heart he uttered a prayer of thanks.

Hagar's recovery was slow. She lay a very weak and white little child for months. But what a blessed thing that illness was. It brought Hagar and her father very close together, and it made Hagar's understanding keener.

For two months Hagar did not attend school. Then, her strength returning, she commenced again.

One day Hagar's mother sat listlessly in the kitchen. It was very cold—and there was no fire.

Hagar came in from school.

"What's the matter, mother?" she asked.

The tired woman looked up. The baby was crawling at her feet.

"Nothing you can help, Hagar."

"Maybe I can." Hagar felt within her the power to cope with anything.

"Well, your father has been expecting some money that did not come. We are poor, Hagar, so poor right now that we haven't a stick of wood in the house."

Hagar did not say anything. She lifted the baby in her arms and walked to the window.

"Does—does father know it's so bad?" at last she asked.

"He knows that I can't provide the house on next to nothing."

"I'll get some wood, mother," Hagar answered in her steady little voice. "Let me take an axe and a basket."

The discouraged mother looked around as Hagar left the room.

"Don't hurt yourself, Hagar," she said.

Hagar started away. She walked until she came to a large, empty lot in which grew a

number of trees. At once she began to strip the bark from the trees. Her little arms ached with the effort, but her determination was great. Soon her basket was filled. She was just able to stagger under her load.

"Here, we can start a fire with this, mother," she said, as she once more entered her home. "I'll go again if Tessie and Ezekiel can go with me."

So the children made many trips, bearing back the fuel for the stove.

"Mother," tired Hagar said at last, "I would rather you wouldn't say anything to father about this."

The mother nodded.

The father did not come home to supper, but remained away until midnight.

"What does father stay away for so much, mother?" Hagar asked.

"He is trying to make money, Hagar," the mother replied, "he is working very hard, and if I didn't have so many children, I'd help him."

A scheme formed itself in Hagar's mind. After school she paid a visit to a confectioner's store half a mile from home.

She opened the door, with no fear at her heart, and immediately proceeded to interview the proprietor. He was a kindly German, and made most of his money from the high school boys.

"What can I do for you, little girl?"

Hagar straightened up. She was now twelve years old and tall and slim. Her big eyes looked into the man's face as she said:

"I would like a position."

The man smiled.

"A position? You are only a child!"

"I have lots of sense," Hagar answered shrewdly, "and besides, the boys like me very well at school. They might come to your store oftener if I waited on them."

"Of course," Hagar hastened on, "I can only come after school, but I'll bring my supper and work for you until about eleven o'clock."

"And how much do you want for that, little girl?"

"Five dollars a week," Hagar answered, at once, "and all the soda water I can drink."

The man burst into a hearty laugh. But Hagar did not join him. Oh, if he would only consent. How much five dollars a week would help her father.

"Well, I'll tell you; I'll try for a week,

and, excepting the soda water part, we'll consider the wages later."

"Very well," said Hagar, triumphantly.

When she told her mother, that good woman sat and stared at her.

"Your father won't allow it for a minute," she said at last.

"Mother," Hagar spoke earnestly, "I'm going to do this, and father need know nothing about it. I can get home before he does at night, and I'm so anxious to help him."

"But how will he know he's being helped?"

"I'll give the money to you, mother," said Hagar, and father doesn't notice things much. He dreams a lot. You just tell him that you can make ends meet on a little less than he's giving you. It'll be better for you, too, you know."

The mother consented, and that night Hagar began her duties.

At the end of a week she had proven herself such a competent, quaint little body that her employer gave her five dollars willingly.

The high school boys now came in regularly after school for their soda water and candy, and prim little Hagar waited upon them in her old-fashioned way that made the boys nudge each other and try to win a smile from her.

But many a time the little feet twinkled down the dark streets toward her home, their owner frightened at the shadows that loomed near her. Often she put a weary little head down next to Tessie, and once in school she nearly fell asleep.

The children were all sworn to secrecy, and once at Tessie's earnest solicitation Hagar took Tessie with her to the store.

"This is my sister Tessie," she announced to her employer. "I'm going to give her the glass of soda water that I should have taken today."

"Very well," the man answered good-naturedly.

Hagar drew the soda water and placed it before Tessie. Tessie tasted it gingerly.

"Do you like it, Tessie?" Hagar asked.

"Yes," Tessie answered ecstatically.

"Well, make the best of that," Hagar said, "you can't have any more."

"I didn't ask for any more, did I?" Tessie inquired, resentfully.

"No, but I saw you hurrying with it, and I know you of old."

Just then a customer came into the store.

He was a tall lad of fifteen. He blushed when Hagar looked at him.

"Give me ten cents worth of chocolates," he said.

Hagar weighed the candy and passed it to him without a glance. She knew nothing of such subtleties, but the old German realized her value. For she was a strangely attractive child with her quaint ways.

"You may run home now, Tessie," Hagar announced.

"I don't want to," Tessie replied calmly.

"You'll never come again if you don't go home now."

Tessie's face darkened.

"If you don't let me stay I'll tell father."

For a moment Hagar's eyes flashed fire. Then she turned away from her sister. Several times Tessie spoke to her, but she elicited no reply.

"Can't I stay?"

No answer.

"Hagar, just for a little while."

No answer.

Several times Tessie tried to gain an answer from the stern-visaged Hagar, and finally she played her trump card.

"Give me a penny's worth of caramels, please, Miss Storekeeper."

For a moment Hagar was nonplussed. If Tessie was transformed into a customer, she must attend to her. Then her natural wit came to her.

"We have little dog's tongues prepared especially for tattle-tales," she said, her head in the air; "would you care to try those instead of caramels?"

Tessie's volatile temper came to the surface, but she knew she dared not give vent to it in the store. So, with a last dark look at Hagar, she left the place.

Three times Hagar had put a five-dollar bill into her mother's hand. But one night her father came home at nine o'clock.

He sat for some time watching the baby, when suddenly he walked toward the children's bedroom.

"I haven't seen Hagar since Sunday," he said.

The mother stood silent for a moment.

"I don't think I'd disturb the children," she said.

"I'll not disturb them," he answered.

He passed into the room. A moment later he returned.

"Where's Hagar?" he asked sharply.

The mother did not reply for a moment. She knew that the truth must be told, however.

"She's working," she said briefly.

"What?" The father sat down hastily. "My little girl—working?"

The woman turned to him.

"Hagar wanted to help you," she said.

"You know how she can argue 'round a point, and I thought it was all right."

"Where is she working?" he asked again, seizing his hat and coat.

She named the place, and without another word he left the house.

Hagar sat near the soda fountain. She was very tired and she wished that it was time to go home. The door opened and her father entered. Hagar had never seen him look so stern. Her heart contracted for a moment, then as he neared the counter she stood up.

"Good evening," she said, "what flavor would you like?"

Complete silence reigned for a moment. Hagar looked at her father, and he back again at her. Then he said:

"Come home."

"I can't yet, father," the child answered. "I'm on duty till eleven. You know how it is," trying to smile bravely. "When you're working, you've got to have your employer's interest at heart."

The tears forced themselves to the father's eyes. He did not speak for a moment, and the innocent proprietor came into sight.

"I desire my daughter to come home with me at once," Hagar's father began.

The German looked his surprise.

"I'm very sorry," said Hagar, stepping forth and removing her apron, "but my father doesn't like to have me out so late."

The proprietor spoke hastily.

"You'll come back. She's a very good girl, sir. I was going to raise her wages."

"She cannot come back," the father answered. "I'm waiting, Hagar."

"He's been very kind to me, father," Hagar said.

"I'm thankful to you for being kind to my child," said Hagar's father, turning suddenly to the other, and it was at once apparent where Hagar obtained her winning personality, "but I cannot think of letting her return."

Together the father and daughter left the

store. It was raining. The father raised his umbrella, then he crooked his arm.

"Take my arm, Hagar," he said, and his voice still held a quaver.

Proudly Hagar nestled against him. He was treating her as if she were a grown-up daughter.

"You came home alone every night?" finally he asked.

"Yes, father."

Silence again.

"Daddy."

"Yes, Hagar."

"Are you angry at me? I wanted to help out, daddy. There's so many of us. It's hard on you. As mother says, so many mouths to feed—so many backs to cover—"

"Don't, Hagar. I'm glad to have you—I'll make up to you—"

But Hagar drew closer to him. She looked into his worn face and her voice was happy.

"Daddy—my Daddy."

V

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

TESSIE was washing the dishes; Hagar was drying them. This was their night work always. Hagar enjoyed it for reasons of her own. It was one of several thorns in Tessie's flesh.

Tessie had once washed and dried the dishes herself. The mother, on taking the dishes to set the table, found several that were not entirely clean. Tessie's ear was well tweaked to help her memory.

Hagar stood by the kitchen table near Tessie. Tessie was drawing the water and arranging the dishes alternately. She had a scowl upon her face, for she anticipated trouble, trouble out of which she could see no way. For her reputation, as far as her mother was concerned, was gone. So it was of no use to appeal to that quarter.

"Are you ready, Tessie?" Hagar at length asked.

"In a minute. Why are you in such a hurry?"

"Because I want to read."

Tessie lifted the dish-pan to the table. Hagar flourished the towel. Tessie plunged the plates into the water. Then, after washing them, she laid them in the rack.

Hagar took one up in her hands and pro-

ceded to dry it without comment, Tessie watching her fearfully out of the tail of her eye.

The second one Hagar slipped back into the water.

"It's not clean," she said.

Tessie washed it again, and placed it back in the rack.

Every other plate Hagar slipped back into the dish-pan.

"That's not clean," she announced in the same sing-song way.

Tessie bit her mutinous lip. At least she was learning patience.

Carefully she washed the front of the plate and the back, holding it up to the light before placing it on the rack. It was slipped again into the water by the vigilant sister.

"That's not clean."

Tessie swallowed hard, and again washed the plate, which passed muster and was dried. But, alas, the next plate was again slipped back with the same monotonous accompaniment.

"That's not clean."

Suddenly Tessie turned around.

"If they are dirty, put 'em back without saying anything."

Silence ensued. Then Tessie stacked the cups and saucers. But silently now, every other cup was slipped back. A dull red crept about Tessie's neck, and her veins seemed on the point of bursting. Suddenly, as the sixth cup found its way noiselessly back into the pan, she burst out:

"I'll tell mother."

"Very well, Tessie," Hagar's calm voice answered. "Maybe I'd better tell her, and save you the trouble."

This was the last thing that Tessie wanted; but before she could reply Hagar was telling the story.

"Mother, Tessie doesn't like to have me put the dirty dishes in her pan again. What shall I do?"

The mother's voice echoed from the front room.

"Tessie, do you want your ear tweaked again? Wash the dishes clean when Hagar puts them back."

Tessie's voice answered plaintively:

"But mother, she always says something when she puts them back."

"What does she say?"

"She says, 'That's not clean.'"

"Should I say it *is* clean, mother?" Hagar's anxious voice inquired.

"Of course not. Tessie, don't let me hear anything more from you. If you'd wash the dishes clean, there'd be no more trouble."

So miserable Tessie went on.

"You're not satisfied any way, are you, Tessie?" said Hagar, sadly, "if I say something you get mad, and if I say nothing you get mad. What do you want?"

But Tessie was beyond replying. Suddenly she washed and rewashed.

"I'm afraid, Tessie," Hagar went on, "that there'll be no flowers left on the dishes if you don't learn to wash them clean the first time."

Tessie wheeled around at her, as she placed a dish in the rack.

"If you find that not clean, I'd like to know it."

Hagar looked the cup over. Near the handle she found a tiny shadow.

"There, Tessie," she said patiently, "I don't blame you, though. Your eyesight may not be as good as mine."

The poor cup received the revenge that Tessie longed ardently to bestow upon her sister, and it emerged from the pan with a chip.

It was at this time that Ezekiel proved beyond doubt his relationship to Hagar. He took it into his small head to run away. He had for a companion another boy of his own age. The children were gone nearly all day, and the two mothers were frantic. Hagar started out one way to look for the lost children, Tessie another, and the two mothers went together.

But toward evening the culprits turned up. Ezekiel had told the other lad just what to say. He had even rehearsed how each was to make his dramatic entrance into the house.

"Burst in, Willie," he said, flourishing his hand, "burst in and pant. Pant hard. Then when you get your breath, begin this story:

Willie listened and straightway put his lesson to the touch. Ezekiel meanwhile went home thoughtfully; but when he neared his door he paused for a moment.

Then he burst in and panted as per schedule.

"Mother, mother," he said dramatically, as he fell into a chair, "a man kidnapped us,

but I was smart and scared him, and we both returned home.

The mother looked at him sharply.

"Where did he kidnap you, near the house?"

"Near the house, mother," the child answered. "He came up to me and says: 'I want you and Willie.' I wasn't frightened, ma, honest, I wasn't. But he just yanked us off and took us 'way into the country. He kept us there all day, without anything to eat, and then, when his back was turned a minute, I caught a hold of Willie and we runned all the way home. Ain't you glad to see me, ma?"

The mother said nothing, and Ezekiel began to feel a little uncomfortable.

But at this critical moment a knock was heard. Hagar answered and a guard from a near-by street car line entered.

"I came to tell you, ma'am," he said, addressing the mother, "that your little boy and another stole a ride on the cars today. I told him twice when he jumped on that I'd come and tell you. I knew you didn't want him brought home minus his legs."

Ezekiel said nothing. He simply twisted a very soiled cap in his hands.

When the man had gone, Hagar looked at her mother.

"I think he's sorry, mother," she said. "Aren't you, Ezekiel?"

"Yes, ma, very," the child answered, "I'll never do it again."

"I've a good mind to whip you," the mother began.

"Oh, mother, not this time," Hagar cried. "Promise quick again, Ezekiel."

"Cross my heart, ma, I'll never do it again," Ezekiel answered.

But not so Willie, who was soundly punished and sent to bed.

Next morning Willie came to visit Ezekiel.

"Did you get licked?" Ezekiel at once asked.

"Yes," said Willie, feeling himself reminiscently, "did you?"

"Yes, I should say I did," Ezekiel answered at once.

Hagar and the mother stared at this bald statement, and when Willie had gone, the mother turned to her boy.

"What made you tell such a story?" she asked.

Ezekiel looked up, his innocent eyes wide.

"For your sake, ma," he said, winningly. "I wanted Willie to think that my mother took enough interest in me to lick me when I deserved it."

The mother turned away. There was nothing for her to say, and cherubic Ezekiel picked up his cap and went out whistling.

But Ezekiel was fortunate, for he was never kidnapped again.

At fourteen, Hagar came suddenly into the possession of an admirer. His name was Jack, aged sixteen, and he sat near her at school. One day when he was carrying her books home, he said:

"May I come up to see you, Hagar, some night?"

"I'll ask father," Hagar replied.

Her father smiled a little sadly when he heard her question; but her clear eyes looked straight back into his.

"I don't know why he wants to come to see me, Daddy," she said, "but I said I'd ask you."

"Tell him he may come," the father said.

So Jack came. He appeared one evening about eight o'clock, and was shown into the family sitting-room. The children were all in bed. Hagar introduced him primly to her father and mother. He sat and talked to them all for half an hour; then rising and blushing to the roots of his hair he said he must go.

But he came again and very soon. He held in his trembling hands a box of candy to be presented to Hagar. He thought that perhaps he might be allowed to sit near her and eat candy out of the same box. But upon entering, Hagar's father greeted him very cordially.

"Glad to see you, Jack, my boy," he said. "Do you play chess?"

Jack said that he did; he had played chess with his father for over a year.

"That's right; we'll get to work."

So the father took down the chess set, and put the board in place. He drew blushing Jack to the table.

"What's this?" he asked, touching the box in Jack's hand.

"Candy, sir," said Jack, with chattering teeth.

"O, very well," the father answered.

"Thank you very much."

He proceeded to open the parcel and placed it on the table near his elbow. As the game

progressed, the father helped himself to the candy, and condescendingly invited Jack to eat some.

Poor Jack! This was courting with a vengeance. When his time came to depart, he stood up rather shakily.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, "that I can't finish the game, but I guess I've got to go now."

Hagar's father patted him on the back.

"It is rather late for children to be out," he said; "come again, Jack."

Jack gulped hard at this insult, and with a last agonizing glance at Hagar, departed.

"It's strange Jack doesn't come now, isn't it, father?" Hagar asked one night. "Doesn't he like me any more, I wonder?"

"Don't think of that—yet," said her father wistfully. "He may come again. Do you feel sorry?"

"No," Hagar answered brightly; "but I thought maybe you liked to play chess with him."

But her father was silent.

The next day at noon Jack asked Hagar where she slept.

"On the south side of the house, in the front," she answered, wondering what he meant.

But Jack did not tell her. He was burning with a fervor and love for her that could find no expression in words. He could not go to see her; he had saved for a month to buy a box of candy—for her father; he had thought all day with accelerated heart-beat

of his visit to her in the evening, only to be compelled to play chess—with her father.

"He wants to know where I sleep, father," Hagar said.

"Did you tell him?"

"Oh, yes," said innocent Hagar.

Her father knew then that the fond lover was going to keep watch. His sense of humor prompting him, he went downstairs at nine-thirty and saw a slim figure whose ardent eyes gazed into the bedroom window above him.

For half an hour he paced beneath that window; his gusty sighs could be heard by the father. Once he blew a kiss toward the window in the most approved fashion. Then, throwing his coat about him, and pulling his slouch hat over his eyes, he departed dramatically into the cruel night.

It is a matter of interesting conjecture where the lover's kiss landed, for in that little bedroom reposed four children. But the fond one never knew, as he kept his nightly vigil beneath that window. It might have dampened his ardor a trifle could he have known he was sentinelling not only for Hagar, but for three others.

One night he heard an unearthly scream escape from the window of his beloved. Once he thought he would scale the wall and rescue her. But he thought better of it. And he never knew the cause of that wail. It was simply Tessie being removed gently but firmly from her warm place by his beloved Hagar.

But love is ardent when it is so young.

LIBERTY

JACKALS may vex the lion when old age

Deadens his brain with slumber, though his eyes

Brood through half-open lids to scorn surprise

And he lies stretched at length as if to gauge

The occasion for the blow. Though dead the rage,

The kingly fire, the tireless enterprise;

Though gone the purpose, love of life, the wise

And perfect strength, his cubs have learned to wage

The ancient battle. But himself beware:

Lest his fierce youth relume itself—as late

Drawing too near, a famished pack which planned

To catch the lion sleeping, felt the air

Stir with the dread omnipotence of fate

Ere the huge paw did crush them in the sand.

Edgar Lee Masters



Photo. by Ezra W. Reid

EXTERIOR OF MRS. EDDY'S HOME, "PLEASANT VIEW," CONCORD, N. H.

GREAT GATHERING OF CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS

By Alfred Farlow

THE dedication of the Extension to The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, the Mother Church of the Christian Science denomination, combined with the regular annual communion service, was perhaps the most significant public event in the history of the Christian Science movement.

Looming up in the Back Bay district, in the very center of the Universe's Hub, like a stupendous white monument towering skyward, strong and beautiful in its architecture and modern in its construction, stands this great Christian Science church. Its seating capacity is 5,012; its height 224 feet and its

style of architecture Italian Renaissance. Its walls are Concord granite and Bedford stone; its interior wood-work and finishings are mahogany. Stately, dignified and impressive, it is already recognized as one of the landmarks of Boston, and its sweet-toned chimes are a delight to the entire neighborhood.

When Old Sol first showed his head above the horizon on the morning of June 10, his rays fell upon 5,000 Christian Scientists, who at that early hour were already in line to attend the opening service in the magnificent new auditorium. At seven o'clock the doors

were opened and at 7:10 the house was filled and thousands more were gathered about in waiting for the next service.

Promptly at 7:30, the appointed hour, the service was opened by the first reader, Mr. William D. McCrackan. It consisted of the customary opening form, the regular lesson-sermon which takes the place of the usual clerical discourse, the dedicatory address by the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, and the

the Bahamas, Hawaii and other foreign countries.

The annual business meeting was held on Tuesday, June 12. This meeting was also repeated in order to accommodate the crowds who desired to attend. On this occasion encouraging reports of progress in Christian Science work were heard from all parts of the world.

It was anticipated that a large portion of the visiting Scientists would remain over to



Photo. by T. E. Marr.

DRAWING ROOM IN MRS. EDDY'S HOME, "PLEASANT VIEW," CONCORD, N. H.

silent communion during which the entire audience knelt in devotion. In addition to the 7:30 service, meetings were held at 10:30, 12:30, 3:00, 5:30 and 8:00 o'clock. They were all identical, each successive service being a repetition of the first. It is estimated that in all about 33,000 communicants attended. Train-loads of Scientists came from all parts of the United States and Canada, and there were representatives from England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, Italy, Holland, Spain, Switzerland, Australia, South America,

attend the regular Wednesday evening meeting, and ten halls were provided to accommodate the overflow from the large auditorium. These were all filled and many were unable to find standing room. At these meetings testimonials were given by the beneficiaries of Christian Science. Men and women from various professions and localities told in grateful, earnest and eloquent terms of the benefits of Christian Science. No event in the history of the Christian Science movement afforded the public so excellent an

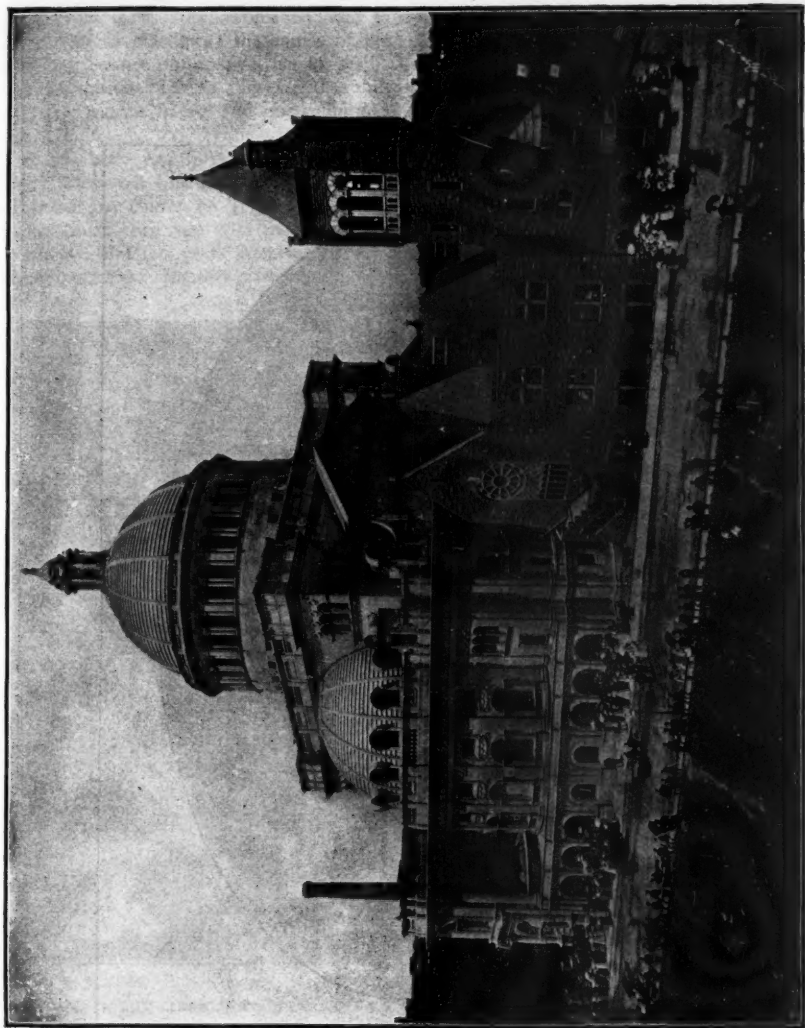


Photo. by T. E. Merr

THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, THE MOTHER CHURCH OF THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE DENOMINATION

opportunity to learn what Christian Science is accomplishing in the healing of sin and sickness.

None can fail to recognize that to the skill of Mrs. Eddy as an organizer, and to her wisdom as a religious leader, is due the impetus of the Christian Science movement which has led up to the demand and supply of this splendid edifice so early

in the history of the church; and this beautiful and commodious structure may be considered a symbol of her great achievements along spiritual lines, for the funds which were thus expended have been no less a spontaneous expression of appreciation and love for Mrs. Eddy than in recognition of the needs of this great movement. She it was who initiated and has successfully guided this enter-



REVEREND MARY BAKER G. EDDY

prise to its satisfactory completion; and to those who have followed the course of the Christian Science propaganda, her far-seeing wisdom, initiative insight and executive ability have become more and more impressive.

It has been just forty years since Mrs. Eddy discovered Christian Science, and she organized her church on July 4, 1879, only twenty-seven years ago. Its growth at first was slow, and ten years later it had only eleven branches. In 1889, sixteen years ago,

money on any indefinite schemes, or to carry out an enterprise that is not advisedly planned, and the building of this edifice has come about in a logical and natural manner. It has come not only to supply an imperative need, but to be a fitting monument to the leader of this eventful movement, and an enduring symbol of the great redemptive truths for which Christian Science stands. The church had outgrown its quarters and there was no adequate place in which to hold its annual meetings, and the Christian Scientists were



Photo. by T. E. Marr

A CORNER IN THE LIBRARY AT "PLEASANT VIEW," THE HOME OF MRS. EDDY, AT CONCORD, N. H.

there were only 450 members in the entire denomination. Today there are about 80,000, but that there are multitudes interested in the movement outside of the actual church membership is evidenced by the large attendance at Christian Science services and the fact that over 402,000 copies of the Christian Science text-book are at present in circulation.

Christian Scientists are too busy solving the great problems of life according to the definite outline of Science to waste time and

sufficiently interested in the welfare of their cause to note this fact and provide means for a structure sufficient to the demand. It was built by contributions from Christian Scientists in all parts of the world. The sacrifice was scarcely felt by them as they considered that they were doing no more than to offer a small material return for inestimable spiritual benefits, a small expression of gratitude to the one whom God had prepared to lead them out of the bondage of human beliefs into the understanding of spiritual life.



"MAUD MULLER"

Photograph by Mrs. Fanny Van Duyn, Tygh Valley, Oregon.

JAPAN'S MODERN NOVELISTS

By Yone Noguchi

Author of "From the Eastern Sea"

TOKYO, JAPAN

UNHAPPILY and universally, a writer cannot build a golden castle, except in dream, from his earnings. There may be some possibility of it in America. But in Japan it is hopeless, and would sound ridiculous. All the Japanese writers, the firmly established, first-class novelist included, say a sad word complaining of their hard life. Must I apologize to you for talking about money from the start? No Japanese gentleman did speak out about dollars and cents, at least twenty years ago, without risking his dignity as a gentleman. But today it is quite the fashion to raise your voice about your little money. I should say that the Japanese writers are the most miserably paid among the writers of the whole world, and again I should say that they are the most miserably paid Japanese among the people of Japan. Fancy; their monthly earning reaches very rarely above one hundred yen! And one hundred yen in Japanese money makes only fifty dollars in American coin. Is it possible that the best Japanese writers, of the rank of William Dean Howells or Mark Twain in America, cannot earn more than fifty dollars in a month? So it is in fact. However, Japanese one hundred yen are more serviceable than American two hundred dollars. Everything is very cheap except the smile of a geisha girl and the smell of *saké*. And there is nothing cheaper than wisdom and knowledge. Is it because we Japanese are wise and clever? Really I do not know about that. I have a great sympathy with the Japanese writers, and I make hue and cry toward their advancement in living. Their usual average monthly earning is said to be somewhere about sixty or seventy yen, and they must be first-class story writers. They are paid from one yen fifty sen for one page of four hundred words. The second-class

writers will be paid under one yen for the same page.

Japanese will not easily believe that writers like Kipling or Richard Harding Davis are paid above four cents for one word. Four cents, yes, eight sen in Japanese money! That is over thirty times their own earning. They are looking enviously over the seas. It is their usual programme for a year to turn out two newspaper serials, each one lasting for forty or sixty days, and seven to ten short stories for the magazines. And one newspaper serial will bring them one-hundred-fifty yen (fancy, only seventy-five dollars for some two months work), and the magazines some three hundred yen in one year. Some of them draw money from the country papers. All of them, with a few exceptions, are living from hand to mouth and their finances do not permit them to await the returns twice a year from the book publishers, so they usually sell their work outright. And the publishers are scarcely too generous.

It is a recent phenomenon among some of the richer writers—say, those having a few thousand yen in hand, and no worry about next month's rent—to begin arrangements with the publishers on a percentage basis. But you must remember there's no reading public in Japan like the American public that welcomed Mr. Churchill or Irving Bacheller. Shunyodo, the foremost novel publishing house of Japan, which published Tengai Kosugi's *Makaze Koikaze*, the most successful story of modern Japan, told me the other day that two thousand yen is the highest mark a Japanese writer could possibly reach. The late Koyo Ozaki, one of the most distinguished literary figures that modern Japan has produced, did not leave much in money, or perhaps anything, except six or seven large volumes and five or six brilliant students who

are figuring today as eminent novelists. It is the most remarkable thing in the literary history of Japan that he had many a budding genius around him. It was the greatest honor that could be given him and his influence was mighty. Fuyo Okuri, Kyoka Izumi, Shunyo Yanagawa and Kayo Yamagishi are the best novelists among his students, and they are successful. Mr. Ozaki must be smiling from a lotos flower in paradise, I should say, seeing his students doing remarkably well.

There's no question that our Meiji literature is young in every respect. Ryuro is a writer of tragedy and the sad entanglement

new child story almost every month, and the fountain of his fancy and wisdom seems inexhaustible. By the way, I am told that he was the biggest money maker of 1904. And how much did he earn, you ask? Why, his monthly average was two hundred yen,—yes, a shabby one hundred dollars in American money. However, it was an extraordinary achievement for a Japanese writer.

You may be disgusted with me for talking too much about the writers' financial affairs. I believe it is not the less an important matter, and I'd like to show you how they stand in this particular. Today is the real dawn of the new Japan, and every writer is attempting to



MR. ROBAN KODA, A FAMOUS JAPANESE MAN OF LETTERS

of life and the world, but it seems to me that he unnecessarily chooses such an unhealthy, tearful phenomenon, as a double suicide or the like, and voluntarily, however artistically, exaggerates it. There's no doubt that what he depicts enthusiastically is a true picture of one side of the modern Japanese life. Shoda Iwaya has been aptly called a Japanese Anderson. His fairy stories are a wonderful demonstration of his genius; he turns out a

get an honest photograph of the transition age. Some of the writers call themselves realists, and follow after Zola's fashion of story. (Beside Zola, Daudet is the most beloved and widely read among the French authors, and lately Maupassant.) There is no more favorite subject for such a writer than that of a modern Japanese girl who meets all sorts of temptations at each corner, and her freedom, which she gained only yesterday, will be the source of

her moral downfall and tragedy. Till recently she was a bird in a cage, or a doll in a box. The author is often successful in depicting her love and marriage, which are managed in a different mode from her mother's. The girl is always ready to accept any new thought and

the European ideal. His understanding of humanity and how our lives move on is deep and sound. One of his distinctions in literature is healthiness and cleanliness. His diction is poetical. He will not take any second place in all the Japanese history of past literature,



MR. SHOHO IWAHA



MR. DOPPA KUNIKIDA

action, and naturally she is on the verge of recklessness and danger. All the newspapers are denouncing the morals and slovenliness of "the modern girl," who is usually some girl student. Mr. Kosugi's *Makaze Koikaze*, mentioned above, is the story of a Japanese girl student. She is the newest thing in Japan. Girl student there was none until only ten years ago, in the proper meaning. Beside Kosugi, Fuyo Oguri is another apostle of love and writer of the modern Japanese girl. His *Sei Shun*, (Youth) is widely attracting attention in the *Yomiuri*, the best literary paper of Tokyo. And here is Roan Uchida, who is the great Tolstoi scholar and observer of humanity.

But after reviewing all the writers in every line, Roban Koda is the gigantic figure today, as he was ten years ago. He will occupy the extensive pages of the modern Japanese history of literature with the late Ozaki. He is a moralist and philosopher before being a novelist. His ideal is purely Japanese, and it quite often shows itself exactly agreeing with

and possibly he will be regarded as a giant in the future. And there is Roka Tokutomi, whose novel *Namiko* has been translated and published by a Boston firm, and he works out somewhat the same ideal from a European point of view, since he has been a constant student of the foreign writers. His intention is to depict a black tide (by the way, he has a great novel called *Black Tide*) running through the human world, and his story is the expression and reflection of a real life. He declared that a novel is nothing if it does not make the world and human life better and more beautiful. He is not writing his story for story-telling sake, nor for art's sake like the others. His father was of the Confucian school and a Chinese student, and he is like his own father in the European way. His *Namiko* ran up to the sixtieth edition, and it has been played on many stages in Japan. But he gets no material benefit from his book—the publishers get that. It is said that he sold the story outright for a small price. Today he is living in a little



DR. TSUBOUCHI, THE DEAN OF LETTERS IN JAPAN

cottage on the outskirts of Tokyo. One of his hobbies is to care for his dwarf plants. He has a good library, containing every good and great work in English, and this is a rare possession in Japan.

Doubtless the writers' hardship in living and scanty earning is the fault of the public to a great measure. The public used to regard them as excusable prodigies, and forced upon them such an unreasonable proposition as that a writer's poverty proves his pride and virtue. However sadly, they accepted it. And it will be a long time before their work will be looked upon as a necessity of life. The Japanese public is shamefully indifferent toward them. It politely respects them and keeps at a distance from them, as in a Japanese proverb. The writers find readers among the modern educated women and young students. The older people think of novel-reading as a mark of degeneration or imbecility. And it may not be worth while to urge them to read, since the most of the novels are not to be called true pictures of life and the world in the wide meaning.

There's no political novel worth mentioning. And we have no sociological novel. The writers are turning out only a love story, quite often dangerous in morals, which will be

welcomed by their young readers. And there is quite a hot discussion as to whether any novel should be permitted to enter into the schools. The young people do not know why they read such a story except from impulse of passion and dream, and also they do not know what they desire to read. Their minds and thoughts are wandering over vague seas without having any oar. They do not find their "soul" at all. And also the writers—yes, some of them—are in fogginess in their aim and thoughts. They are not a real thing, but merely a reflection and ghost. They must study out the riddle of the human world more deeply and scientifically, and lead the work, showing every course of our life.

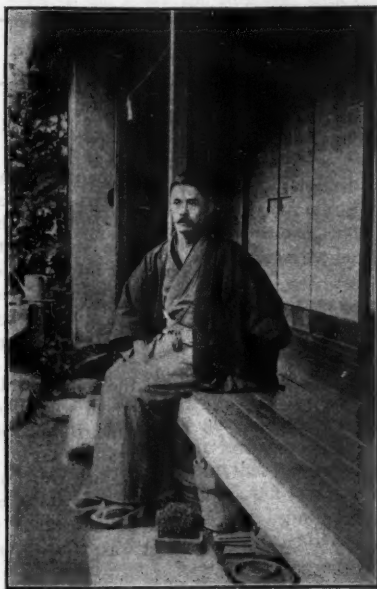
Today our Japanese literature is in a chaotic condition like the time in the Japanese mythology when the first god and goddess stood upon heaven's floating bridge. And the god and goddess stirred the sea waters with a wand, and there an island appeared. Oh, what will come out from the sea waters of the Japanese modern literature that has a definite form? Island of the real life and faith? Yes, it must be that. Today we feel ourselves to be a Columbus party sailing through the darkness and gloom. There would be no time

for the Japanese literature like today. Why, the old literature is dead! And yet we have no new literature that has two feet solidly on the ground. But the dawn is near. Do you not see the rising light far away in the East? At least let us hope so. And in fact we hear somewhere the happy, fresh voices amid the trees. And the crickets have stopped as the dawn is near. We shall have soon the typical Japanese literature from which we Japanese can make ourselves hopeful and courageous, and which will be the beacon light of our lives. Then we shall surround it and drink the inspiration. Someone might say that to denounce the darkness of the modern literature is to be too pessimistic and to exaggerate unreasonably. "Haven't we Mr. Koda, Mr. Hirotsu and Mr. Tokutomi?" he will say. Yes, they achieved no small thing and reached their own height within the limits of their power, and under the circumstances. But we look for a typical literary giant in the near future who will spread his wings fully to the four winds. Let us be pessimistic today and hopeful for the future! To be pessimistic means that we are youthful. Dissatisfaction leads us to a glorious achievement in the future.

Japanese art has been mightily influenced by the European art, and light and shadow have been adopted and the clever effect is achieved. The charm and beauty of the Japanese art, combined with the realism of the European art, would be perfect. So with the Japanese literature. I believe that we speak Japanese with the Occidental thoughts and faith. We must build the Japanese story upon the Occidental method of characterization. It would be the only way to make our Japanese literature universal. To make Japan the Japan of the world is our present ambition, and a proper one, too. Kenjiro Tokutomi used the Occidental way of novel-writing in his *Namiko*, and it proved to be not so alien to American readers in the translation, and it was successful. I believe that our future story must come out like *Namiko*. Mr. Tokutomi showed a good example, and we will patiently wait for literary perfection in some future writer. There's nothing better than the clever combination of occidental and oriental—it would be superior to either of them. And it would not be impossible of accomplishment, since East is West and West is nothing but East. Already Katai Tayama and Doppo Kumikida are coming to the front.

Mr. Kumikida's *Doppo Shu* can be compared with sketches of Daudet or Coppée. That means a great deal. I found such a joy and charm in *Doppo Shu* as I had not known for a long time.

It is true that our literature has been changing markedly since the beginning of the war with Russia. The study of the foreign literature has been taken up seriously, especially the study of the Russian literature. (By the way, Mr. Roan Uchida is translating Tolstoi's *Resurrection* for the *Nippon*, a Tokyo paper.) And also it is a new phenomenon that



MR. RYURO HIROTSU

we are eagerly reading the modern American novels which hitherto were neglected. The American invasion came so late. And it is the fact that the proud Japanese paid little attention and less respect to the American writers, blindly denouncing them as inferior to the European authors. But today we need the American cleanliness in moral, and a good humor and wisdom which shines like sunshine. A day or two ago I passed by a bookstore in Ginza, the Tokyo Broadway, and observed that a clerk was bringing out Mrs. Rice's *Sandy* from a large box which was freshly

arrived from New York—yes, many dozens of them. And I am told by Roan Uchida as a literary adviser of the *Marusen*, a publisher and the biggest importer, that it was only two years ago when his company did not know what to do with half a dozen copies of Mrs. Edith Wharton's *Valley of Indecision*.

Today things are different. Shall we have the literary glory of the Elizabethan days after the destruction of the Armada? We

tere the Russian ships to pieces, and the country arose wonderfully like a rising sun. Shall we have Milton, Dryden and even Shakespeare? Let our future tell all about it.

I do not think that our Japanese literature will make any sudden glorious change, and I believe that it will keep up the road of advancement it has started on, and lift its head slowly till it will reach its final goal.

B A L L A D E O F T I M E

I AM the future and the past,
 The fact and the phantom of today;
 I am a shade by the dial cast,
 Moon and the stars and the tides I sway;
 The four winds whistle my roundelay
 The tread of centuries waits for me,
 My heart is young though my hair is gray;
 I was; I am; and for aye will be.

I am the first, and I the last,
 And all who follow shall me obey;
 I ride the storm with its bugle-blast,
 I lead, I tarry, I save or slay;
 And whether you feast or fast or pray,
 Whether you face me or turn and flee,
 None at the end my power gainsay:
 I was; I am; and for aye will be.

I am a wraith by ages glassed,
 Seen for a moment and whirled away,
 I am the fetters that hold you fast
 And all despite of your Yea or Nay;
 I toy with worlds as a cat might play
 With helpless mice from her paw set free,
 As one who at leisure will betray:
 I was; I am; and for aye will be.

ENVOY

Prince! men in my grasp are shapes of clay
 And I am older than sun and sea;
 The cycles vanish, the gods decay:
 I was; I am; and for aye will be.

Ernest McGaffey

HOW THE SIEGE WAS RAISED

By F. A. McCormick

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

ALL Souls Church used to have a statue on the steeple, and when the statue came down I got my "Cross of Proved Courage."

You know the Produce Exchange Building is next to All Souls, and it is nearly as tall as the steeple. When it was built a great many of the good people thought it was presumptuous for the corn and bacon men to erect such a structure, and that too, so close to their well beloved All Souls. But the time when the church was the special and only attraction of the town had gone by; the town had become a city; the city had become as mercenary as cities ordinarily do; the produce men found their supporters, and when the building was finished, towering one hundred and fifty feet above the pavement, and within twenty feet as high as the steeple of the church, it found its defenders, and was soon as much a sight for the peasants and tourists as the old church itself.

Then came the wars and the conscription, and I marched away, a down-hearted, poor thing. I was sure I should be killed at the very first engagement, and having carefully nursed that idea for several days, at length looked forward to the time when the first engagement should occur, and it would be all over. The first ray of hope was the meeting of my old comrade, Jean Pirault. He had gone to the Polytechnic, had graduated and been assigned to the engineers of the line as a lieutenant, but promotion had been slow, and he had been very glad to take the captaincy of the company of conscript sharpshooters. It was a merry greeting he had for me, and we were both pleased to find I had been assigned to his company.

Of course we saw service. The first engagement came and went. I saw blood drawn. I saw batteries gallop into action. I saw the enemy's huzzars charge down upon us. I saw the poor, mangled fellows after the

fight had been won, lying on the field. And worst of all, I saw the surgeons, with their gleaming instruments, at their bloody work.

After three months campaigning, our company had been reduced one-half, so you may see that we had been in some warm places, and then, of all things in the world, our brigade was thrown into the home city, with orders to hold it at all hazards.

Torch and powder soon levelled all that part which had grown up outside the walls of the old town, and we had made as ready as possible with our resources for the siege we all expected.

We did not have long to wait, for one bright morning the bear-skin shakos of the enemy's grenadiers were seen by our officers from the roof of the Produce Exchange. They advanced and took a position on the little hill you may see to the north, and leisurely prepared to cook their breakfasts. At this moment it was discovered that the grenadiers were not an advance guard, but that a flying column of chasseurs had been thrown around to the east, while a couple of light batteries had taken position on the hills to the west and south, commanding the south city gate. So it was going to be a siege and we were not over well prepared for it.

The days dragged on, and while we soldiers received our rations regularly, it was rumored that among the humbler citizens want and hunger had put in an appearance.

Then came the sortie, and the brigade could have fought its way through if it had not been for one machine gun; a thing that was new to all of us; and the way it swept its ugly little muzzle from left to right, and from right to left, throwing a steady stream of fire and death, was terrifying to our brave fellows. They could not storm it, for at every attempt they fell like grass. Then the general ordered an attack on the battery by night, thinking to

surprise them, but once again the machine gun prevented us from gaining any advantage.

The next night Pirault came back from a scouting expedition, with the information that we had accomplished something in our two raids,—meaning that all but one of the original crew of the machine gun had been either killed or were in the hospital. Machine guns were not in general use at that date; it was the first one we had ever seen, and its workings were not understood, as now, by the light artillerymen. So, with the exception of one man, they had no one capable of using it.

Three or four days went by, our situation rapidly grew worse, and Jean was at work all the time with his engineering instruments. Then half a dozen of us were directed to erect a scaffolding on the extreme southwest corner of the roof of the Produce Exchange Building. Two uprights, twenty feet in air, of 3x2 joist, with a cross-bar about three inches from the top and separating them about six feet, were thrown up on the edge next the steeple. Two more, ten feet to the rear of the first pair, next went up, some cross-bars connecting the last two and some planks forming a platform were laid. Jean now directed our best shot to mount and see what he could do. He was a mountaineer, with apparently no more nerves than the rocks of his native hills. He fired three shots, and then, pale and trembling, fell back on the roof. He had glanced down and the sheer drop of one hundred and seventy feet to the pavements below had been too much for him. Then Jean climbed up, carefully keeping his eyes turned upward, his glasses flung over his shoulder, and on reaching the platform, examined carefully the embrasure through which the slender barrel of the vicious little monster could be seen. He looked discouraged, and well he might; for could he have posted a good rifleman ten feet to the left, he would have been squarely in front of the embrasure, and provided he were good enough shot to hit a fifteen-inch target at that distance, could pick off anyone attempting to work the gun, and also prevent the enemy from dragging it away. Suddenly his eye lighted on the steeple of All Souls. There was the statue resting on a pedestal about two feet in diameter. Could he place one of his men where the statue was, the gun could be prevented from opening fire; a sortie could

be made with some hope of success, and the brigade saved.

Jean did not look twice. He was off the scaffolding and on his way to the roof in an instant. A pulley block, with a stout line through it, was soon attached to the cornice of the building. One of our twelve-pounders was dismounted and was quickly on its journey of one hundred and fifty feet from the pavement to the roof. Its carriage quickly followed. All hands were ordered off the roof with the exception of Jean and an old artillery man. There was a roar: the building shook with the concussion and St. Peter was dismounted from the pedestal he had occupied these many years. Then Jean's voice could be heard,—

"Tell the general that the machine gun is out of commission. I will answer to him with my head that it does no more of its horrible work, and that he can order his sortie at once. All I want is my company here."

Then the general came quickly, almost before Jean had ceased to speak, and briefly he was shown how, with one of our expert riflemen on the steeple, the machine gun would be worthless.

Soon the trumpets were heard in the streets below. The battalions of infantry were formed on the streets leading to the South up to the gate, the horses giving signs of their short rations but still making a brave showing. All was ready, waiting for the signal from Jean on the top of the Produce Exchange. He had been working like a madman to piece the remaining planks and timbers together so as to form a sort of bridge from the scaffolding to the steeple. It was finished, tested, raised to the scaffolding, and dropped into place. The signal was given. The gate was raised. The huzzars were half through the gate in columns of fours when the battery opened, and curiously, not at our huzzars, but the elevated muzzles of six guns were pointed as straight as their gunners could point them at the top of the Produce Exchange. At the second discharge the bridge went. Jean turned like a flash and called, "Max"! Obediently I stepped forward. He led me to the edge nearest the steeple and explained. I was to mount the scaffolding, leap for the steeple, take my position on the pedestal lately occupied by the statue, and prevent the enemy from working the machine gun, while our fellows made their assault.

The rest seems like a dream. I was not afraid, but the thing seemed physically impossible, and I wanted to urge it. In the most matter-of-fact tone and manner, I pointed out to Jean that there were others in the company better fitted for the service. There was not the slightest element of fear, but I was stout; I weighed nearly two hundred pounds; I had led a sedentary life; the chances at best were one in ten that the leap could be made successfully from the top of the scaffolding; if I were to fall in the attempt, the spectacle of my body, lying crushed and mangled on the pavement below, would be a deterrent; it would be difficult if not impossible to get another of our men to undertake it; there were better shots in the company than I; there were naturally cooler heads than mine; there was Jacques, the mason; he was accustomed to working at great heights and equally as good a shot. Jean listened to me impatiently, and then half frantically said:

"My dear Max, it is our only hope. If you cannot do it, no man can. Granted that you are not in as fit condition as some of the others; granted that you are not as good a shot as some of the others; there are none of them that can accomplish what my old friend Max can. If you will say that you can do it, it can be done. Think of our brave fellows going to certain death. Think of the disgrace to me."

I talked no more, but asked for a fresh cartridge belt, threw my rifle to my back and climbed the scaffolding. The battery had turned its attention to our fellows marching out on the plain, so gave no more trouble, but there I stood, twenty feet above the roof, one hundred and seventy feet from the street, and ten feet of a leap before me with but a bare two square feet for a resting place when the leap was accomplished. It would never do to leap for the pedestal itself. I must jump so that the pedestal, which looked about the size of a mushroom, would come just below my intercostal arch, then seize the further edge with my hands and the tapering spire with my feet and legs. I waved my hand to Jean and the company on the roof, and with no more thought than if it were a leap on the green, sprang forward. My judgment was good. The edge of the pedestal came against my stomach, the momentum of the spring threw me forward, and by an intense muscular

effort I grasped the steeple. It swayed from the impact, once, twice, and then became steadier. Jean cried out to me to beware of the copper edge of the top of the pedestal. The elements had worn it thin, and parts of it crumbled in my grasp. The taper of the steeple, slight as it was here, gave some sort of resistance to my knees, and I brought the stock of my gun around where I could use it as a hammer, and carefully broke the cornice bit by bit, so that what was left was firm and solid, but the top was as smooth as polished marble.

A spring,—again the rocking of the steeple, and I was perched on the pinnacle. With my feet and legs twisted about the steeple, I brought my rifle to the front, lifted it to the shoulder, adjusted the telescopic sights and fired.

"Not enough allowance for windage," from Jean of the scaffolding; "that drifted two feet further to the left than you calculated.

I expelled the shell, loaded and fired again. This time a man who had been looking out through the embrasure of the machine gun fell.

"Congratulations! A better shot that time," from a very assertive corporal, followed by what might pass for a cheer.

Then I turned my head. Jean was standing on the scaffolding; his lips were blue, his face was pinched and the color of a corpse. The roof was crowded with the men of our company together with as many of the city people as had been able to force their way up.

I spoke slowly,—"*I am ready, Jean; proceed.*"

He could not open his mouth to speak, and as I was about to rally him on his lack of nerve, a bullet whizzed by my ear, followed by a perfect storm. Two companies of grenadiers were drawn up back of the machine gun and were firing at me by platoons. Vaguely I wondered why they had not hit me at the first volley, and I wondered too, if when I had been hit and killed I should fall, or if the shot would end it so quickly that my muscles would retain their rigidity, as I had seen one of our fellows stiffen when hit, and I would keep my perch on St. Peter's pedestal. And then I smiled. I was a poor usurper, for I could not expect to retain my elevated position and my good looks as long as the saint. The wind and weather would work their way with me, and the poor clay of which I was composed

could not stand the conflict as well as the solid granite image of the saint.

But I was not there to moralize; I was there to watch that machine gun. They had not been able to use it yet, and again my rifle came to my shoulder and again a man dropped.

"Brave work, Max! Whoever would have thought when you were practising at the town rifle range that you would one day have such a mark and such an audience."

There were no more men to be seen near the machine gun, and the grenadiers were firing more slowly. "What poor marksmen they are," I thought. I was getting used to my position and turned to look about me. I could cover almost the complete circuit by turning my head alone. I did not dare turn my body, for I had the range to a nicety, and did not wish to risk wasting one of the precious cartridges which would be hard to replace.

The road running east from the city came under my vision and there was a dust cloud far in the distance. I looked at it intently through the smoke of our first engagement, when the sun shone full on our cuirassiers. Could it be? No, it was imagination. At any rate I was not there to observe the east road. I was there to watch that machine gun. That was my duty, and even if there were troops approaching by the east road they were probably not of ours, and I sighed a little as I thought, "What if my effort has been in vain?" Once again my glance rested on the machine gun. It had become very hateful to me. There was no one near it. How cold the pedestal was? Could I sleep sitting there, I wondered. I would look once again at the east road. Carefully I turned my head, and there was no mistaking it now. It was a large body of men. A battalion? No, for there was a battery behind the cuirassiers. It must be a brigade. No, for the dust lifted now, and there were at least half a dozen regiments of infantry, and more coming from behind the hills. "A division," I thought, "or perhaps an entire army corps, and look! they wear the red trousers of ours."

"Jean," I cried, "our work is done for us and I may come down."

A woman's voice said: "The strain has been too much for him. He is insane." I pointed over my shoulder,—

"Your glasses, Jean, look!" But Jean seemed as one stricken. The same assertive corporal,—and I always detested the fellow, forgot his discipline, stepped forward and took Jean's glasses from his shoulder. You never can expect conscripts to behave like regular troops of the line. He whispered something to the brave fellow and a murmur arose from the crowd assembled on the roof.

It was, indeed, relief. My work was done and now to get back. We had not thought of that before. Slowly I swung around so that I might stand upright on the pedestal. Then I thought of my shoes. They were the regulation army shoe and plentifully studded with iron nails. They must come off, for I never could stand on the glassy pedestal with them on my feet. I swung my rifle to my back and reached for my knife. But why should I sacrifice the thongs with which the shoes were laced? They were the best wearing ones I had ever had, and where would I get another pair? Our people had long since stopped issuing equipment. I would unlace them and so save them. Then followed a struggle. Once again the woman's voice was heard declaring I was insane. Carefully I clung to the steeple with my left leg and drew the right foot to me. Twice I nearly toppled over backwards, and only a lighting-like movement saved me, and in each case I had to begin anew. The third time I was more successful. The foot was within touch of my hand, the knot was untied, and the thong was loosened, the shoe was off! What should I do with it? I could not drop it, because while I had not looked down, I knew a sea of upturned faces were below me. I motioned to those on the roof to stand aside, and firmly gripping the steeple with my knees, hurled the shoe to the center of the roof. It struck the corporal on the shoulder, narrowly missing his face, and I was sorry I had not struck his ever-grinning mask. He was always a most self-assertive fellow. The other shoe now, and the white-faced crowd on the roof stood aside while I sent it to join its mate. Carefully I swung about until I was face down on the pedestal, then one knee rested on it, then the other. Now one foot was on it and now I was standing upright, facing the roof. There was a stir on the roof. Someone was pushing his way through the crowd. It was the general of our brigade. Undoubtedly he had come to the roof to

observe the relief column. But no, he was looking at me.

"Silence!" he commanded, "Let no one, on pain of instant death, raise his voice." I gathered myself for the leap, and then for the first time I felt a wave of fear creep over me. Why did not they get a plank to reach from the scaffolding? Why did not they throw me a rope? It was only for an instant and,—well I had no time for suggestions. My feet were as far apart as possible on the

narrow space. I was standing upright, but the steeple was swaying and I was swaying with it like a drunken man.

It was done! I was on the roof again, and as my feet felt the welcome surface, Jean fell like a log. That scar on his temple you have noticed before, he got at that time.

Then the general came forward. He kissed me on both cheeks—we are an impulsive people at times—and then he gave me his own cross.

A C O U N T R Y R O A D

AMID the green bewilderment
Of moss-rimmed lake and wooded plain
The yellow windings fall away
O'er rolling hills and meadows gay.
Steeped in a sleepy, warm content,
The days like endless Sabbaths reign.

Across the uneventful calm
No equipage of fashion hies;
A blackbird posting through the blue,
With nothing in the world to do,
Is all. A robin's noonday psalm
Floats up from emerald Arcadies.

Tall weeds, the roadside vagabonds,
Drowse in the sun, a worthless crew;
The white balloons of thistledown
Soar on their way to Hushville Town
Above the drooping chestnut fronds,
That hide the village spire from view.

Above the hills an idle cloud
Halts, melting into nothingness;
The hum of industry within
A flower-bell comes; and comes the din
Of tiny saw-mills buzzing loud
From bugs and insects numberless.

In fragrant apple blossom days
A drove of sheep may travel down;
A pair of lovers breathing vows
May ride beneath the meeting boughs;
When Autumn hides the hills in haze
The fruit carts rattle toward the town.

And oft, upon a Winter night,
The Moon's pale immortality
Looks down, and sees an open sleigh
Alive with singers, on their way
Along the road's pure vestal white
To country ball or spelling bee.

The changing aspects of the year
Bring but the farm-team with its load;
The auto, whirling dust and gas
In deadly speed will never pass
This way, to make the scene a fear—
Most happy sylvan country road!

Jasper Barnett Cowdin

T H E B O O - J A B

By Edmund Vance Cook

THERE'S a mystical, musical, marvellous tongue,
The most irresistible spoken or sung;
It is older than Babel and yet is as young
As a "Bwij-a-ba-ba-a-gwa-boo-blab."
If that is beyond you, 'tis perfectly clear
You must study with one, who is known about here
(From the style of his speech) as the Boo-Jab.

His forehead runs round to the back of his neck;
His eyes are so wise and his nose is a speck,
And his talk is like language that's been in a wreck,
Or, perhaps, it's some sort of a new gab;
And he makes the most strenuous efforts to teach
Everybody he meets this remarkable speech:
"Bidge wa-wa, ba-ba, an a Boo-Jab."

The distinctions he makes are remarkably fine,
For supposing you ask, "Are you ready to dine?"
"Do you wish to be walked, or desire to recline?"
"Will you ride in your old, or your new cab?"
He ponders a moment, a moment he waits
And then, with precision he solemnly states:
"Blodja bidge, an-gwa, an a Boo-Jab."

And when we have met in some moment of dread,
As, perhaps, when he bumps his redoubtable head,
Or again, as he works to the edge of the bed
And rolls over, as I grab and you grab;
And then, as we hurriedly look for his hurts,
What a joyous relief, when he softly asserts,
"Bwidje ba-wa, ang wa, an a Boo-Jab."

Is it Welsh? (I have heard it connected with wails.)
Is it Choctaw, come down from the Indian trails?
Is it rooted 'way back in the Anthropoid tales?
Is it Yiddish—a sort of a Jew-blab?
Whatever it be, Russian, Prussian, or Dutch,
I never can hear it too often, or much:—
"Bwidje ba-ba, ang wa, an a Boo-Jab!"

The K·K·K



By C. W. Tyler

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

CHAPTER XVIII—(continued)

"You can't fool dat old man. I'm afeerd to try it. He'll twist honest testimony into all kinds of shapes when he stands befo' de jury, but he won't tech no bogus testimony. Dat goes ag'in his stomach."

"Pass me dot plack pottle ag'in, Sam," said the old gentleman. Having taken a second drink more copious than the first, he corked the bottle and set it down beside him. The liquor seemed to depress his spirits, for he began soon to shake his head and hold forth in a melancholy way.

"Mine shile, mine poor shile in de shail! De tam lawyer took my money, and vill not let de vitnasses speak vot would set mine shile free. He haff my money, and vill not vork for my money; dot is not pizness. Oh, mine Cot! tese lawyers, tese lawyers, tese tam, rascally lawyers. Tis man Perlafter, Sam, he is one tam scer-roundrel."

"You and him for dat," replied the negro. "I ain't gwy fool wid him."

"He take my money to free my shile," con-

tinued the old man, "but do he free my shile? Mine Cot, no. My money in his pocket, and mine shile in de shail; dot is not pizness. Pime-py, he say to me, pime-py your shile be free as te pird dat fly, and fly, and light vere he tam please. Pime-py, pime-py. Mine Cot! I haff vait, and vait, and pime-py haff not come alletty. De vitnass for to hang your shile, he say, vill not pe on hand next time. Mine Cot! ven de next time come de tam vitnass he is on hand. Pass me te pottle, Sammy."

"Pass him the jug," said Mr. Hardrider. "Let him fill up and be done with it."

"Dar's de bottle right by you," said Sam. "Help yourself."

The old gentleman again raised the black bottle to his mouth and swallowed a liberal portion of its contents. When he had replaced it by his side, he eyed the card-players for a few moments in silence, then he accosted them with an air of half-tipsy gravity:

"Shentlemen, I vish to say something."

"Say on," replied Mr. Hardrider. "Two and two, and my deal, Sam."

"Shentlemen," continued the old man, "dere is a person in dis country vot makes himself too busy vid vot don't concern him. His name is—ah—his name is—ah—Perryerson. Vot you call?"

"Pearson," said Sam. "Ran Pearson, dey calls him. He got a pooty good 'oss, but de stable do' is double-locked, and dar's a bull dog dat prowls round de place constant. I trumps dat ace, sho."

"Tam te 'oss, and te pulltog, and te ace," said the old gentleman.

"Wot den?" inquired Sam.

"Dis man—vot you call?—Perryerson, he too tam busy vid vat don't concern him. He haff de vitnesess at coort de last time, he vill haff dem dere de next time. My lawyer say no, I say yes. Py te plood of te prophets, I say yes. He vill heff te vitnesess on hand, dis man Perryerson. Mark dat, Sammy. Mark dat, Artriter. Tis man vill fetch vitnesess to de coort to hang mine shile. He is a tam scer-roundrel."

"Meb-be so," replied Sam.

"I vish he vos dead," said the old gentleman. "Amen," cried Mr. Hardrider.

"Shentlemen," continued the old man, regarding the two gamblers more narrowly than might have been expected from one in his seemingly inebriated condition, "if dis man Perryerson would mind his own pizness my child would pe free terreckerly. Tink of dat."

The two men played on in silence.

"If he vos tead," the old gentleman went on, "mine poor shile would pe free terreckerly. Mine shile, mine shile, he would pe free as te 'appy pird."

"Won't do," said Mr. Hardrider. "I'm in the horse-trading business."

"I've tried my hand at fust one thing and den anudder," said Sam, "but I never has kilt anybody yit."

"Dot is right," said the old gentleman. "Stick to dat, mine frients, and you vill pe angels pime-py, mebbe."

As it was now growing late, the old gentleman laid himself down upon a blanket spread a little way off from the fire and fell asleep.

Mr. Hardrider and the negro played on with varying luck until past midnight. Sometimes they were intent upon the game, sometimes they allowed themselves to be beguiled into conversation on miscellaneous topics.

They arranged the details of the following day's expedition, by which it was hoped to bring the slim racehorse to comfortable quarters in the cavern, where he might keep company with Dandy Jim. They touched once or twice on the subject which the old gentleman had last introduced, but this in very low tones, for fear his snoring might be stimulated. When they at last abandoned the game the negro was a few dollars ahead, and Mr. Hardrider a little worse off pecuniarily than when they began to finger the cards. He was naturally light-hearted, though, and it would have taken a very heavy and persistent run of ill luck to depress him.

"Damn the difference," he said to Sam before retiring. "I just play anyhow for the excitement of the thing."

"Me too," replied Sam, tying the evening's winnings up carefully in a rag.

"I never tried life in a cave until I was sent down here to help out the old man," said Mr. Hardrider, "and I find it lonesome as the devil. I've read 'Jack Sheppard' through three times in the last week. If I stay here much longer, I'm going to get me up a library."

"Dat's past me," replied the negro; "I can't read."

"I ain't even allowed to sing," continued Mr. Hardrider, "for fear the sheriff will come listen. All I can do for amusement is to play cards, and somehow I have hard luck at that. If I play with you, you make a pretty good hole in my pile; if I play with the old man, he takes it all."

"Luck will change, luck will change," answered Sam, striving to comfort his friend.

"Oh, blast the odds," said Mr. Hardrider cheerfully. "It would all go in a lifetime anyway. Old Vanderbilt had to leave the world, and didn't take a dollar with him. Rain, shine, good luck, bad luck—'twill all go in a lifetime, Sam."

With this cheerful reflection, the young horse-trader untied his shoes and laid down to rest. Sam followed his example, stretching himself at length on a different pallet. They too must have been favored with sound digestion and clear consciences, for soon they were wrapt in deep sleep, and nothing disturbed the silence of the cavern but the snoring of the old man and the occasional stamping of Dandy Jim as he pined in his rather lonely stable.

XIX

THE OLD FARMER ATTENDS A BUSINESS MEETING OF THE
K. K. K., AND HEARS SOMETHING NOT TO HIS ADVANTAGE

THE fox that hid in the cedars on Dead Man's Knob was disturbed by another gathering of human creatures at that secluded spot. Again the Grand Cyclops donned his ghostly robe; again some applicant for admission into the klan stood before him and the mummery of initiation was gone through with. But the klan had business of more importance than the mere admission of new members into a society which was already sufficiently large to accomplish the purpose for which it had been organized. Tonight the grave question to be discussed and decided was whether the time had arrived when the midnight murderer of a good old woman in their midst should be taken by force or stratagem from the authorities and held to account for his monstrous crime. Nearly a year had elapsed since the flames from the burning Bascombe home lit up the sky and the neighborhood about the place. A full year would have elapsed before the brute who committed a cruel and causeless murder there could be arraigned to answer for his deed. More than this, after three times visiting their county seat to testify against him, the witnesses familiar with the facts must now be dragged to another county town—a full day's journey from their homes—before they could be heard to tell their plain tale in court. That there should be indignation among the good folk of the Marrowbone Hills was natural. That they should fail to understand why the authorities proceeded at a snail's pace to bring a heartless scoundrel to settlement, and apparently befriended him in his effort to shirk investigation, was natural. The blood of old Granny Bascombe cried aloud from the stained earth for vengeance, and good men and women fretted over the fact that it had cried so long in vain. Good men and women fretted over the fact till wrath and indignation took possession of the community, and many there were who censured the secret organization that had been instrumental in snatching a murderer from the hands of those who would have visited swift punishment upon him and placing him in a situation where, they were convinced, not even tardy

justice would ever reach him. That such an organization existed in the community was well understood, though the individuals that composed it, its meeting-place and even its objects and purposes, were altogether conjectural.

Again the circle was formed on Dead Man's Knob, and when a few novitiates had been duly installed members, the tall Grand Cyclops announced that the Ulema, or court of the order, would convene. The three judges gravely took their seats on the flat stone against the bluff and listened to arguments and appeals for action in the case of the murderer, Johan Ankerstrom, alias Cross-eyed Jack.

Many members addressed the court, some in a rambling way, some much to the point. All the speakers without exception urged that something must be done. Even those who at the last meeting had advised against interference with the public authorities now admitted that the limit of patience had been passed, and that if the murderer could be wrested from the jail where he lay he should be brought at once before the klan for trial.

The Grand Cyclops, whose appropriate figure and grave deportment had made him the head of the order, delivered on this occasion a few impressive remarks. The objects of the order, he reminded the august tribunal before him, were threefold. First, by promptly taking charge of persons suspected of grave crimes, to prevent mob law, which from excitement and lack of method often punished the innocent, and which tended to encourage rather than check those prone to disorderly acts. Secondly, to turn these suspected persons when arrested promptly over to the authorities, and to aid the authorities in bringing them to speedy hearing so that justice in each case might be promptly and openly done. Thirdly, where the authorities failed, after reasonable time had been allowed, to bring any offender to open trial, then the klan should resume its control over such offender and deal with him as right and justice might demand. These objects, said the Grand Cyclops, addressing the

Dreadful Ulema, were all such as law-abiding citizens could not fail to approve of. Rash and furious mob law, striking blindly after a grave crime had been committed, could not be justified by any right-thinking person. In a community where there were court-houses and courts, the opportunity to deal with flagrant offenders should always be given the public authorities before outsiders would be justified in interfering. But crime must be punished, society must be protected, old women and young girls must be allowed to retire to rest at night without fear of molestation. If the proper authorities could not afford the necessary protection, good citizens must band together to aid the authorities; and if aid was not sufficient to attain the desired end, then good citizens must assume the entire responsibility, and by punishing guilty persons protect themselves and their neighbors from further outrages. The time had now come, the Grand Cyclops maintained, when the klan, having relied on the law long enough, should resume charge of this man, Ankerstrom, and administer justice to him. He had not given the poor old woman whom he roused at midnight time to say her prayers before he murdered her. The good people of the vicinity should be given to understand that if there was not strength enough in the courts to punish such monstrous crimes, there was strength enough in a voluntary society, organized for the purpose of maintaining peace and good order in the community. It was preposterous to say time enough had not been allowed for the courts to make a thorough investigation of the grave case before them. The speaker knew nothing of the technicalities of the law, but taking a common-sense view of the matter, he would say that where monstrous crimes were committed, prompt trial and punishment must follow or the whole effect of visiting the consequences of crime on the offender would be lost. The law as now administered was certainly a failure. Maybe it was nobody's fault, but the fact was the law was a failure, and the question remained as to whether there was any power anywhere to punish crime.

The Grand Cyclops, a plain young farmer, undoubtedly voiced the sentiment of those present when he urged that speedy action be taken in the Ankerstrom case, and that the courts should no longer be relied on to deal with the murderer. Others followed along

the same line, and Teddy McIntosh spoke vehemently as usual.

"Why, look a here," Teddy argued, "are we ever going to do anything about this business or not? If we are, it's time we were about it; if we ain't, let's disband and go home. What have we done since we organized this klan to right things about here? What have we done, most Dreadful Ulema, what have we done? We've tramped around the country in our shirt-tails, so to speak, and skeered a few niggers out of their wits, but have we put a stop to the villainy that's going on around us? When was there ever such a state of affairs in the Marrowbone Hills as there is right now? A good horse stolen on court day right under the nose of the judge, and Billy Metcalf's fine racehorse took out of his lot one night last week. This together with a whole lot of other devilment not worth while to name. What are we going to do about it? Why, if it please the Dreadful Ulema, the lawyers and the judges in the court-house couldn't dilly-dally worse than we've done. This is putting it pretty strong, I know, but I leave it to all the members of this klan if I ain't right? We banked a heap on mystery when we first organized. This Brotherhood was to be so secret, and keep things so dark, that everybody around would stand in awe, and folks would only know there was such a society as ours when they found the mighty things we'd done. Well, sirs, now how does the matter stand? Which side has got the mystery in it, if you come to mystery? A horse took in the broad, open daytime, not two hundred yards from the court-house, with court in session and a thousand folks in town. Who took that horse, and where was he carried to? Smuggled out of the country by some sort of hocus pocus, and the smartest man in the Marrowbone Hills couldn't say when or how. They waylaid the roads, and the horses hadn't left by any road. They sent off telegrams, and the horse hadn't been seen at any of the places where a thief would have been likely to take him. So it is with Billy Metcalf's race nag. We've scoured the country up and down, far and wide, and if that critter is on top of ground we can't find him. One thing is certain, though, one thing is certain. The scams that are putting up jobs like this ain't much afraid of the law. They ain't much afraid of any kind of law. Court-house law, and K. K. K. law, they snap

their fingers at all of it. It's time somebody was hung, I tell you. It's time somebody's neck was pulled. If we get the right man, amen; if we get the wrong man, better than nobody at all. Why, look-a-here. I slept last night in my stable loft. What for? Because I didn't want my saddle-horse took, that's why. He's a good horse; sire, Autocrat; grandsire, imported Imp; got a pedigree long as my arm, and I couldn't afford to have him took. That's the reason I slept in my stable loft with a shot-gun for company. I'll tell you another thing, too. If a horse-thief had come about my stable neither them fellows at the court-house nor this here Dreadful Ulema would have been bothered with his case. Not bothered at all, gentlemen; not bothered at all, I give you my word. Look at old Granny Bascombe's case, too, will you? Good old woman, kind-hearted old woman, Christian woman. Knocked in the head like a dog, and everybody knows who killed her. How long has it been since she was knocked in the head, and everybody knowin' who killed her? Close on to a year. What's been done about it? Not a thing in the world. First a whole lot of witnesses, young and old, men and women, sick folks and well folks, had to go before the grand jury. So far so good. Next the same crowd, young and old, men and women, sick and well, had to march back to court and tend the trial. They laid the case over to next term. Too much excitement, they said. Oh, yes, too much excitement. Cross-eyed Jack couldn't be tried while excitement was up; not by any means. So they laid the case over, and one more time everybody, young and old, men and women, sick and well, had to trapse to town to tend court. What then? Was they allowed to tell their tales and get back to their homes? Oh, no, by no means. Excitement being still up, the case must be laid over again, and not only so, but set for trial next time in another far-away county, where it'll be hard to get the witnesses to tend. Nobody in all this here county fit'n' to set on the case of Cross-eyed Jack. He must be tried in a dead calm, and before strangers, if his lawyer ever makes up his mind to have a trial at all, which ain't likely. Well, I don't know how it is with this here Dreadful Ulema, and the balance of you fellows, but I'm tired. Some-'pn' ought to be done, and I'll just be dadburned, ladies and gentlemen, if I haven't go

to the p'int where I'm ready to say some-'pn's got to be done. This here klan was got up to help out the courts, and it looks like some other kind of a klan will hav to be got up to help out this here klan, and this here Dreadful Ulema. Nobody in all this here county good enough to try Cross-eyed Jack; oh, no, nobody at all. And this here klan, and this here Dreadful Ulema, they ain't ready to take up the case of Cross-eyed Jack as yet. Oh, no, we must wait, wait, wait. Cross-eyed Jack is a gentleman of such quality that he can only be tried in a dead calm, and before strangers, and when he's ready. We've waited a year, but that don't matter. We must wait another year, and if that ain't sufficient, we must wait his convenience. Well, I for one am tired of waiting, and I'm ready to take up the case right here, right now. I want to see the case of Cross-eyed Jack, alias Dutch Ankers, alias all-round infernal scoundrel, go off the docket. I want to give him a free pass to another world right away. I'd rather send him off by the rope route, but if that can't be done, then by the pistol route, and if we can't fix it any other way, I'm willing to hire the jail cook to poison him. I tell you, I mean business about this thing. It's come to the pass in this country that rascals don't fear the law, and honest folks don't depend on the law, and that's a bad state of affairs. It's a bad state of affairs, I tell you, and some-'pn' ought to be done about it, and done quick."

No stenographer was present to take down the scattering remarks of McIntosh, but the above will give a pretty accurate idea of what he said and how he said it. On the whole, he voiced the sentiment of his brother members, though many of them would have expressed themselves in a different way. The Ulema, or high court of the order, however, still operated as a check upon the more impulsive members of the klan. Pearson, after listening calmly to all that had been said, declared gravely that while the procrastinating methods of the law were exasperating, the time had not yet arrived when violent interference with its progress would be justifiable. In the opinion of himself and the two other members who constituted the judicial tribunal of the order, to take a man by force from the custody of the civil authorities and deal with him for his transgression, was a very serious step that would only be justifiable in

an extreme case. The speaker did not deny that perhaps it would have been better not to have delivered Ankerstrom to the custody of the law. The accidental presence of the sheriff partly occasioned this, and the speaker himself had favored it at the time, but possibly in the case of so flagrant an offender it might have been better if the klan had dealt with him as he deserved. Now, however, the situation was changed, and no violent action should be taken on the part of the order as long as there was hope that justice would be administered through the courts. Especially at this time, Pearson insisted, it would be unwise to interfere because there was every assurance that the accused after long delay would be forced to trial at the next term. The state's attorney had avowed that there was no legal quibble by which a hearing could be postponed beyond the next term, and the judge had practically so announced from the bench when the change of venue was granted. Therefore, the duty of the brotherhood was to exert every effort and have all the witnesses present when the court assembled. When the case was heard in open court the facts on both sides would be brought out, and the members of the Ulema, being present, could then for themselves determine whether the accused had any sort of defense to the grave charge against him. If he had none, then no technicalities of the law would be permitted to shield him from punishment or to put off much longer the hour when he must pay the penalty of his crime. Under the circumstances, the order must wait patiently and give the law one more chance. If there was interference now, it would be said that the court was just about to dispose of the case when the mob took the matter out of its hands.

"What if there's another postponement instead of a trial?" asked a member of the brotherhood when Pearson had announced his decision.

"We will then meet and determine what is our duty," was the calm response.

When this matter was disposed of, the Ulema adjourned and a discussion followed upon the mysterious disappearance of horses from the community, which had become of frequent occurrence lately. The puzzling thing about these robberies was that no man could tell to what part of the country the animals were taken, or how they were gotten out

of the neighborhood where they were known, without detection. None but good animals were taken, and the thieves seemed to be operating upon a prearranged plan that baffled the authorities, and even the members of the order. Upon the subject of these depredations Pearson expressed his opinion.

"It is quite evident," he said, "that this is not the work of negroes; at least that negroes are not planning and managing this systematic scheme by which our best horses are being secretly run out of the country. It is evident also that this is not the work of common, clumsy thieves. So far we have made little progress toward discovering the perpetrators of these frequent crimes, but we have one clue that, followed up, may lead to important disclosures. At our last meeting several members spoke of the presence of an old jewelry peddler in this locality whose conduct was thought to be suspicious. It was an old white man claiming to be a book agent who stole Templeton's horse from Major Habersham's stable. He seems to have had a negro partner, but it was the old white man who put up the job. It was an old white man claiming to be a farmer who stole Miss Sue Bascombe's horse at the last term of the court. These three individuals were all foreigners, all getting along in years, all slick scoundrels, and I am convinced they were all one and the same person. The thing to do is to catch the old scoundrel, who has many disguises, and who seems to be in hiding around here somewhere."

"And the next thing to do is to hang him to a limb," interrupted Teddy McIntosh.

"If we catch him," answered Templeton, "I will agree with you that he should first be brought before the klan and his subsequent disposition then determined."

"No court-house law for him," said McIntosh.

"We'll deal with him promptly, I promise you that," was the reply. "But the first thing to do is to catch him. Now, I'm convinced this gang of scoundrels has a regular hiding place somewhere in the Marrowbone Hills, and that this hiding place is sufficient in size to secrete both horses and thieves after a robbery has been committed. They keep the horses hidden here until we have quit searching for them, and then they slip them off quietly to some distant market and sell them. This old jewelry peddler who plays

farmer and Bible agent, and who is sharp enough to fool Lee Templeton and Uncle Davy, is the head of the gang, and by keeping a sharp lookout we can catch him. Let every member keep his eyes and ears open, and let the Grand Cyclops appoint some of our men to watch the roads every night. A dozen good men can watch almost as many different roads, and we can take it in turn about, discharging this duty."

"I say," remarked Mr. Teddy McIntosh, rising to address the assemblage, "if I lay hands on this here old jewelry peddler, Bible agent and farmer, there'll be no courts for him, and no Dreadful Ulema, neither. I'll save all that trouble, I will."

"No," replied Pearson, "you must not do anything against the rules of the order. If you catch him, bring him to us, and we'll deal with him promptly. Have no fear of that."

"No more courts?" asked Teddy dubiously.

"Bring him before the klan; an hour or two will be all the time required to look into his case. If his guilt is clear, and the klan says so, we'll make an example of him. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies."

"That's the talk," replied Mr. McIntosh. "Proceed on that line and we'll stick to you."

The members of the K. K. K. quietly dispersed, each going his separate way, and the stillness of night again reigned on Dead Man's

Knob. When all had dispersed, and a half hour had passed without a sign or sound from any creature, a human being crawled from the dense thicket of cedars and stepping softly across the open space took his seat on the flat stone where the members of the Ulema had sat. He was of diminutive stature and alert in his movements, though even in the misty starlight gray hair could be seen straggling from beneath his close black cap. He sat on the stone a while shaking his head and gesticulating with his hands as he muttered in an undertone to himself.

"Von hour, hah? Von hour will be sufficient, hah? Mep-pe so, mep-pe so. Ven dey gits te ole man dey vill make short work vid him. Hah, yes, yes, yes; no toubt. Ven dey gits him, ven dey gits him."

He gesticulated a few moments in silence, shaking his head vehemently the while.

"Tat man Perryerson is te pig tog. Te oders is leetle bups, shust leetle bups. Ven Perryerson go, te whole tam pizness go. Shust von hour for te ole man—ven dey gits him. Vell, vell; vell, vell. Mep-pe pime-py terreckly dey vill git him."

There came a slight disturbance, perhaps from some night-prowling animal, and the old man slipped softly away from the stone and was gone. His retreating footsteps gave back no sound as he picked his way in the darkness down the steep side of Dead Man's Knob.

XX

THE EXCITING ADVENTURE OF SAM QUACKENBOSS AND MR. HARDRIDER WITH TWO HOBGOBLINS ON THE HIGHWAY

SAM QUACKENBOSS curried the race-horse down, while Mr. Hardrider sat on the ground near by nursing his knees and regarding the labor of the African with satisfaction.

"Touch him up a little under his flank," said Mr. Hardrider.

"Dat's a ticklish place," answered Sam. "Dis here hoss is high-mettled. I lay he kin outrun a skeered deer, and I know he kin kick high, becase he done flung his legs a time or two at me. I dunno how I'm gwy keep company wid you tonight nohow. De yudder hoss is a saddler; holds his head high

and moves stiddy. Dis here nag have got three pooty good gaits, and dat's all. He kin walk springy, he kin lope kinder like a rabbit, and he kin run like hell. Dat's him."

"I'll make him go all three of his gaits tonight," said Mr. Hardrider, "so put him in good trim."

"Ain't I doin' it?" answered Sam. "But don't you lope off and leave me tonight. I axes dat much of you right now. De ole man he kinder got me out'n my line, but still I'm gwy 'bey orders. My line is to curry and feed and git pervisions by fust one play and then anoder. I kin open a stable do', and lead

a hoss out, too. Dat's in my line. And I kin climb up on de hoss and ride him to dis here place, and tole him up the creek ef he's a notion to hang back. All dat I kin do. Rubbin' and curryin' is in my line. Short rides is in my line. Wadin' a creek is in my line. But dese here all-night trips astraddle of a lively hoss, dat ain't in my line. Dat ain't in my line, mind you, Mr. Hardrider, but de ole man say so, and I'm gwine."

"The old man's badly rattled," said the white robber. "I never seen him in such a fix as he was last night."

"Dis mornin' you better say. 'Twa'n't lackin' much of day, I tell you, when he come in. He was dead tired, too, like he been runnin' most of de way from somewhars. He never even took off his breeches when he wade de creek, but come in de guest chamber wet as a rat and all in a fume. He shuck me, he did, and say, 'Wake up, wake up, Sammy, t'ere's hell to pay.' I done heered him a comin', so I riz, and sot up, and ax him for to 'splain hisself. He flourish wid his hands like he always do, and say, 'Git te tam 'osses retty, and move vid tem from tis tam hole in te ground.' I say, 'When? Right now?' He stamp his foot and say, 'Tonight, tonight, you tam fool. Tell Artriter. You and him git retty. Ve must move; ve cannot wait.' I say, 'What's up?' He say, 'Pime-py I tell you. You and Artriter git retty to take away te tam 'osses.' Wid dat he tumble down on his pallet and cuss a while and fidget a while, and den he fall fast asleep; and he ain't gwy wake up till I gits breakfast and shakes him."

"Well," muttered Mr. Hardrider, "I don't know what's up, but I know I'm damned glad to get orders to move. I've lived in here so long I feel like a mole. I blink like an owl when daylight strikes me. I shouldn't wonder if we had fun tonight, Sam, and I hope we will. Anything for excitement. Maybe I'll pass in my checks, and have done with this here cross-grained world before the stars quit shining tonight, but damn the odds. Sooner or later I've got to go, and so it don't matter much when. Give me excitement while I live, that's my motto, Sam."

"S'pos'n dey nabs us?" said the negro.

Mr. Hardrider rose to his feet and slapped himself upon the breast. "Here's a gentleman they'll never nab," he remarked to Sam.

"Me nuther, den," replied Sam. "But

look a here, Mr. Hardrider, don't you never leave me. You rides de race-horse, mind you, and I rides de saddler. Whatsomever comes don't you leave me."

"Wouldn't that be ungentlemanly?" inquired the gallant highwayman.

"Yas, sir, 'twould."

"If it comes to a tussle wouldn't there be more excitement in staying than running away?"

"I s'p'ose dar would."

"Then count on me for staying by you," replied the gallant highwayman. "I'm not the man to do an ungentlemanly act, and I long for excitement."

The most exciting thing immediately ahead was breakfast, and to this the two cave-dwellers were soon applying themselves with relish. Sam was a good commissary, and when he had the whole country to fall back on, and as a rule nothing to pay, it is hardly necessary to inform the reader that he kept a well-stocked table. Fried chicken, potatoes, hot corn bread and coffee are ever welcome to the hungry soul, and Mr. Hardrider and Sam did ample justice to these satisfying edibles. When they had finished, Sam, being a prudent housekeeper, raked up the chicken feathers and consumed them in the fire. "No use to leave no signs," he said to his companion. "When we all gets away from here what chickens we ain't et up I'm gwy turn loose in the woods. I'm gwy scrape dis here guest chamber so clean that a pusson s'archin' round attar we done gone would think somebody had got up a dance in here. Dar is always folks, you know, gwine way back under de ground, and fiddlin', and gittin' up dances."

"Next time I dance, please God," said Mr. Hardrider, "I hope to dance on a floor with a fine chandelier overhead, and plenty of fresh air coming in at the windows. Don't talk to me about going away back under the ground and lighting a candle to dance by."

"Still dey is folks what does dat," said Sam, "and I'm gwy fix things in here so if anybody else finds de place they'll think picnickers been 'round. Dey never will s'picion dat horse-traders been usin' dis for dar head-quarters. I can't clean up all de signs and smooth over all de ground so as to make like nobody been in here, but I kin fix it so as to make like picnickers been in here. I kin

clear out all de horse-tradin' signs, and I'm gwyy do it."

The old gentleman slept well. He did not stir until nearly midday, and would not have roused then if Sam had not given him a vigorous shake and told him breakfast was ready. He rose briskly at this and gulped down his coffee and bolted his food as if he had fasted for many hours. When he was through he entered at once upon the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Git retty, Sammy, git retty. You and Artriter must git away. Ah, mine Cot, yes, yes, ve can stay no longer. Ve must leave te tam place. Ven you gone I go too. Pe sure, pe sure, I vill not stay by mineself. Shust a little vile, tat's all."

"What's to pay?" inquired Mr. Hardrider.

"Te tevil's to pay, t'at's all," answered the old gentleman. "Vat to pay, you say? Vell, I tells you. Last night I vent to de meetin' uff te Kuckerklux."

"Done which?" inquired Mr. Hardrider, in some surprise.

"Vent to te meetin' uff te Kuckerklux. I haff shined te pand vot dey call te Kuckerklux, and last night I vent to te meetin'. I vos dere allretty befo' te oders, and stayed till te oders left, so I'fe cot te whole tam thing. Te Kuckerklux tomfoolery doin's I kin tell it all to you, s'help me, but I haff not time. I haff time to tell you von thing, and I will tell you t'at. Listen to me speak, for meppe you would like to hear my vorts. Vot I zay ten? I zay tis, and you mind my vords, Artriter; you mind my vords, Sam Kervackenparse."

"Don't call me dat," remonstrated Sam. "You hurts my feelings."

"Ver' coot, ver' coot, ten; I vill not hurt your veelings. I vill tell te tale, and hurt no shentleman's veelings. I vill speak plain so any tam fool can understand. I vill speak plain, hah. Vell, den, last night, you understand, I vent to te meetin' of te tam Kuckerklux, vat you call. I vent early, so to git a coot place. I hid in te bushes. I lay me flat same as von tam skeverrel on te fence rail, hah. Pime-py terreckerly here tey come; von, two, twenty, fifty. Te shentleman, te coot man vot you call Perryerson, he te pig tog. Te palance is little bups, shust leetle bups. Tey park, and park, but it signify not'ing. Te shentleman, te coot man Perryerson, he up and tell dem somedings.

He zay, te coot man do, dat dere is von ole man in t'ese parts vat need to be enkevired uff. T'is ole man sell Pipes, and steal 'osses; t'at's me. T'is ole man vot he speak uff likewise tress like te farmer, and steal 'osses; t'ats me. Ven dey gits te ole man vot is me t'ey vill sving him to te limb in von hour; t'at's vat t'ey say. No courts for te ole man; no shury for him. No lawyer fur to plead his case. Ven dey gits him, mind you, he svings like a tog; svings like a tam tog; ven dey gits him. Shust so, shust so. Vell, vell, no matter fur t'at. Te coot man Perryerson likewise zay t'ere is von tam nigger vot keep company vid te ole man. Ven t'ey gits t'is nigger vot vill t'ey do to him? T'ey vill skint him alive, so te coot man Perryerson zay."

"Name o' de Lord!" ejaculated Sam.

"Te name o' te Lord vill not safe te nigger ven dey gits him, and te coot man Perryerson zay he vill haff t'at nigger tead or alive. He vant t'at nigger uxspecial, te coot man Perryerson do. Ah, he is a coot man, he is a ferry coot man, t'is Perryerson shentlemun. Vere is te plack bottle? I vill trink to his helt. I vill, s'help me."

They passed the black bottle to the old gentleman and he raised it to his mouth.

"May he lifflong and perprosper, t'is coot man Perryerson," he said before refreshing himself.

"May he go to the devil this week," interrupted Mr. Hardrider.

"Amen to dat," proclaimed Sam.

The old gentleman shook his head. "He is a coot man, t'is Perryerson. But listen vat furdur he zay. He zay t'ey haff vatch at te wrong time. T'ey vatch too kervick. Te ole man vot t'ey vill hang to te limb, and te tam nigger vat t'ey vill skint alive, and te oder vite man vot is vuss t'an all—"

"Did they name me?" inquired Mr. Hardrider, with some anxiety in his tone.

"T'ey name no names," replied the old gentleman. "But t'ey say te robbers keep 'osses hid someveres for von week, two week, till te beople stop lukiing; t'en t'ey run te 'osses away, clean away from te country. T'at vat t'ey zay. And t'ey zay t'ey vill bekin right away and vatch all te roads all te time, so t'at no man git away vid a 'oss. T'ey zay t'ey vill vind te ten uf te robbers, vich t'ey know to pe in te Marrowpone 'ills. T'ey vill vatch all te roads all te time. T'ey vill

hang to te tree te ole man vot sells Pipes; t'ey vill skint te tam nigger alife; and vat t'ey vill do to te udder vite man vill pe vuss t'an all. So poys, luke out."

Mr. Hardrider drew all the loads from his pistol and supplied the cylinders with fresh cartridges. He packed up his belongings in a small bundle, and made ready to leave the country for an indefinite period. When he had completed his arrangements for departure, he laid down on the ground close to the lantern and fell to reading "The Life and Adventures of Jack Sheppard," with which thrilling romance he entertained himself for nearly the entire remainder of the day.

The old gentleman stirred about a good deal. He and Sam hid in the depths of the cavern many tell-tale articles which they did not wish to destroy, and which could not be conveniently carried away. All signs of recent occupation were obliterated as carefully as possible. It was understood that the old gentleman would remain in the vicinity a day or two longer, so as to catch any fresh news that was stirring, and then would meet his friends at a designated spot in another state, where the business of the season would be wound up by a fair settlement. The old gentleman seemed to be somewhat moody over leaving his apartments, and indulged but little more in conversation during the day. Once when he and the negro had sat down on the ground for a resting spell he remarked gravely to the latter after a considerable interval of silence:

"Sam, t'at man Perryerson is a coot man."

The negro nodded, but made no verbal response.

"May he liff long and perrosper," continued the old gentleman.

The negro nodded again.

It was about ten o'clock by Mr. Hardrider's accurate timekeeper when he and Sam Quackenboss made ready to mount and set off for distant parts. The old gentleman accompanied them as far as the bank of the stream, where he gave them his blessing and let them go. The negro here took off all his clothing except his hat, which Mr. Hardrider advised him to keep on for appearance's sake. Strapping his raiment firmly to the saddle, he led the larger horse by the bridle, holding a lantern in his right hand. The white robber came behind mounted on the slim racer, which followed in much trepida-

tion, but without urging, close on the heels of the other animal. They made the many slippery windings in safety, and when they reached a point which Sam knew was on the verge of the outer world, he extinguished his lantern. Proceeding a short distance farther, he came to the mouth of the cave, and here he stood on a large rock in the middle of the stream and rehabilitated himself.

Climbing into the saddle, he maintained the lead until they reached the stony road that crossed the stream a few hundred yards below the cave. Here the two men halted for a moment, and Sam, in a whisper, proposed to his companion to take a drink, saying he was cold.

"Ten mile away from here there's a spring," replied Mr. Hardrider, "and we'll take a drink there, Sammy, if we ever get there. Till then, not a drop goes down my throat."

"Mine nother, den," responded Sam in a shivering whisper.

Mr. Hardrider here took the lead, being familiar with the route. Wherever the way was broad enough, Sam rode by his side, and when this could not be conveniently done he dropped behind. When they got away from the timber and into the open country, they found it was a bright, starlight night and pleasant as one could wish. There were several houses along the road, and by these they passed as quietly as they could, like gentlemen who were in no special hurry. Between these they rode faster, but there was nothing in the gait they traveled to indicate flight. By and by they came to a long lane, with a broad field on either hand. Mr. Hardrider had always considered this a critical part of his road, for there was little hope of escape in case of interruption. Just before he entered it he drew rein and whispered to Sam:

"If anybody tries to halt you here, clap spurs to your horse and ride right over him. It's forward or backward in this place, and if you turn back they'll kill you sure."

"All right," responded Sam in a voice that was low, husky and tremulous. Perhaps he trembled from apprehension; perhaps he was still chilly from exposure in the creek; perhaps both causes combined to make his nerves unsteady.

They proceeded without adventure for a half-mile or so, and Sam was just congratulating himself that the danger line was passed,

when a tall figure dressed all in white rose up by the roadside and another figure dressed in black rose up on the opposite side of the way. The figure in white was astoundingly tall, and his eyes beamed more luminously than those of an owl in the night. The figure in black, of shorter stature, began waving his arms and hopping up and down in the road, as if he was making ready to fly. Neither spoke, and their unaccountable behavior was calculated to astonish anybody.

"Oh, Mr. Hardrider, it's de Ku Klux," cried Sam in the extremity of his terror.

The highwayman did not respond to his companion nor undertake to hold converse with those in front of him. Instead of this, he levelled his pistol at the head of the tallest individual in front of him and pulled the trigger. At the flash and the report he clapped spurs to his steed, and, dashing like lightning between the white spook and the black spook, went down the road as fast as the flying feet of the racer would take him. Sam endeavored to follow suit, but to his unspeakable terror he saw as he advanced that the head of the white spook had been knocked off by Mr. Hardrider's pistol shot, while the body and legs were still cavorting about in the road. Staying no longer to question, he rolled from his horse, leaped the fence on his left, and fled the scene of action. Two or three shots whizzed over his head, but none came near him, or if so he was too badly frightened to take note of them. He ran till he was out of breath, then rested a while, and rose and ran again. When he had recovered his scattered senses, he bent his way more deliberately toward the hiding place he had just left, and from which he knew the old man had not yet departed.

Meanwhile the animal he had deserted in such unceremonious fashion wheeled in the road and would have made back in the direction from which it had come, but that the tall spook—not minding the trifling accident of having lost its head—rushed forward in haste and seized the bridle rein. It was, as has been said, a starlight night, and objects near at hand could be discerned with tolerable distinctness. When the headless ghost had laid firm grip on the rein and consumed a second or two in inspecting the captured horse, he cried exultantly to his companion in black:

"Dandy Jim, by Jupiter!"

The voice that made this announcement was the voice of Teddy McIntosh, though the stature and general make-up of the individual hardly seemed to be that of a human being at all.

"Where's my head?" inquired the spook that had appropriated Teddy's voice. "Look up in the fence corner there for it, will you? That fellow shot it clean off."

The fact is, Teddy and his companion, a member of the clan, had been assigned to duty on that particular road, with instructions to halt and inquire into the business of all travelers who might pass that way. Desiring to mix a little fun with more serious duty, they arrayed themselves in ghostly garbs and resolved, before bringing any approaching person to halt, to cut a few capers in the road such as would be calculated profoundly to impress the wayfarer. Teddy supposed this would, of course, lead to inquiry from the advancing party, and mutual explanations would follow. He was armed and had his pistol in hand, as did his companion in black, when the two horsemen came down the lane, but when Mr. Hardrider unexpectedly popped away at him, and then charged down upon him, he was for a moment disconcerted. The loss of his pasteboard head was a small matter, but the bullet came uncomfortably close to his real scalp, indeed plowed a slight furrow in his cranium, and this for the instant put him out. His friend in black fired at the gentleman on the race nag, and also at the negro as he leaped the fence, but neither shot took effect. Teddy, as soon as he came to himself, also opened up, but with little hope of doing anything more than making a racket. It was evident that they had let two bold horse-thieves and one horse get away; but as the fruit of the encounter they had saved Dandy Jim, and this to Teddy's mind was a great deal. He left his companion to stand guard the remainder of the night, being convinced that no other exciting adventure would befall, and, mounting the captured animal, set off at once for the residence of its lawful owner, Miss Sue Bascombe.

He had ten miles to go, but he reached his destination before day, and sent in word to the young lady as soon as anybody was astir that he had Dandy Jim safe and sound at the front gate, and she could come down and take possession if she had a mind to.

Miss Sue came down without devoting

overmuch time to her toilet, and having thankfully received back her own, invited Mr. McIntosh to breakfast. The young gentleman, after washing his face and hands, was of course obliged to relate the moving incidents of the night, and it goes without saying that he had an attentive auditor. Miss Sue was very fond of her horse, and she seemed very much obliged to the young gentleman who had rescued it from the clutch of the robber. She laughed when Teddy told her about getting his head shot off, and she expressed admiration for the stranger when she learned of his sudden onslaught and successful dash for liberty.

"Why, he's a bold fellow, Teddy, this robber is," she said. "I'd like to know more about him."

"I don't care to know much more about him," replied Teddy. "I came very near knowing too much last night. Look where his bullet grazed my head."

She examined Mr. McIntosh's head as he held it down for inspection. There was a bruise where the missile had touched the skin.

"You should have shot first, Teddy," said the young lady when she had completed her investigation. "It was thoughtless of you to play ghost in the road with a robber in front."

"I know it was," answered Teddy.

"But I thank you ever so much for bringing Dandy Jim back, and I won't forget you for it, Teddy."

"Till when?" inquired the young man rather ungrammatically.

Miss Sue Bascombe regarded the young man very kindly. "I'll remember you a long, long time, Teddy," she answered. "I always did like you, you know. When you worked my sums for me at school, didn't I like you then?"

"It was you worked mine," said Teddy.

"So it was," she replied. "I forgot. Any-

how, I like you, and always did like you. You know that."

He swallowed a time or two and turned rather red in the face. "Wh-a-t about Ran Pearson?" he asked, blunderingly.

She raised her head, tapped the floor with her foot, and answered deliberately; "Ran Pearson is a nice old man. He's getting bald-headed too fast and is too pokey for me."

He looked decidedly pleased. "You like me, don't you, Sue? You said so just now."

She eyed him kindly but calmly. "I've liked you, Teddy," she replied, "ever since you used to let me do the sums for you at school."

Then the breakfast bell rang. When the meal was ended Mr. McIntosh left for his home, riding Dandy Jim, with a little negro boy behind him to take the horse back. As he rode he mused. "That girl can twist anybody around her finger," he said to himself.

It was an hour before day when Sam found his way on foot and in pitch darkness up the creek that led into the interior of the cave. He groped his way into the apartment where the old man slept by the fire, which gave but little light or heat. The negro waked him and related his experience. The two remained in the cavern all the following day. Late in the evening they effectually secreted the few remaining articles that had not been disposed of the day before.

Shortly before midnight they withdrew, each with his clothes in a bundle on his head. At the entrance to the cave they robed themselves and quietly stole away from the vicinity. Where they hid the next day, and where they lodged the following night, and for many succeeding nights, I cannot tell you. For weeks and weeks the creek flowed on through its narrow channel undisturbed by man or horse, and the snug guest chamber in the cavern was unoccupied.

XXI

THE ANKERSTROM CASE IS CALLED IN ANOTHER COUNTY

FOUR months is not always, and what with the plowing and the planting, and the doing of numberless odd jobs on the farm, the disgruntled folk who had come away from the court at Ashton did not find the time very

long until they were summoned again to attend the court at Coopertown. It was not without considerable difficulty, however, that Sheriff Sanderson, aided by Pearson, induced the numerous witnesses to forsake their avo-

cations at a busy time of the year and journey to a neighboring county to give evidence before judge and jury. Apprehension of being fined for non-attendance secured the presence of some of them, though there were not a few who would have remained away if nothing else had been relied on to induce their attendance. The judge in that county was a good man, of respectable legal attainments, but getting along in years, and inclined to be both unduly harsh when at all exasperated, and also unduly lenient when subsequently soothed. He would fine right and left when witnesses did not answer promptly to their names at the call of the sheriff, and as a rule remove all penalties if any sort of excuse was afterward made for their remissness. In common parlance, the bark of the old gentleman was worse than his bite, and while he would preach sermons in court about the duty of prompt obedience to process, and would grumble and fret over infractions of his many rules, he was not regarded generally as a rigid man on the bench. This being so, it was not because they stood in awe of the court, but mainly as the result of cajolement and persuasion on the part of Sheriff Sanderson, supplemented by personal entreaty from Pearson, that the major part of those notified were induced to take the long trip from their homes to Coopertown.

They were finally gathered together, however, a respectable array as they stood up in the court-room to answer to their names as the noted case of the State of Tennessee versus Johan Ankerstrom was called for trial the third time. A few material witnesses were absent, but in his earnest desire to proceed, Pearson assured the state's attorney that he would have them on hand the next day, and that official announced to the court that he was ready to proceed with the investigation of the cause. When the prosecuting attorney had so announced the judge inquired blandly of Palaver if his client was likewise ready to proceed. At this the lawyer rose from his seat and looked gravely over the crowded court-room. He then handed to the officer in attendance a paper containing a long list of names, and requested that the persons designated be brought at once to the bar of the court. This official was an undersized man, with a keen voice well adapted to pierce the noise and confusion that frequently prevails in an ill-disciplined court-room. He now

mounted a chair and called aloud to the whole assemblage to be quiet. He then read the names upon his paper, and here and there as he proceeded someone in the audience responded, "Here." The sharp-voiced officer next went to a window and made proclamation, which signified to the whole town that the attendance of certain persons was desired in court. Thus he secured the presence of about half the individuals on his list, and reported that the others were not in attendance upon the court.

Upon the receipt of this information Palaver looked grave. He perused the paper carefully and frowned, and knit his brows as if in considerable perplexity. After some minutes thus consumed he remarked to the court that he was very anxious to proceed with the trial, as the case had already taken up more of his time than he could afford to devote to it, but he could not announce himself ready while so many of his witnesses remained in contempt of the process of the court. Perhaps if the officer would take a turn around town he might fish some of these from the stores, or find them loafing on the corners, and fetch them into court. The judge at this suggestion began to shake his foot and his head at the same time, which his intimates said was a dangerous sign with him. Palaver upon this looked graver still, though he was inwardly pleased, as the judge was more apt to commit some reversible error while in a pet than if he kept his cool judgment about him.

"I have no doubt," Palaver remarked smoothly, "that my client's witnesses will be in presently. They have a long distance to come, and it is now, as your honor will see, but a little past ten o'clock."

The judge here launched into a discourse upon the importance of prompt obedience to the orders of the court. He declared that business could not be transacted, and the people's interests must suffer, if the process of the court was to be trifled with in such fashion. Witnesses must be higgling in stores or loafing on street corners, but they had no right to be higgling in stores or loafing on street corners when their presence was demanded in court, and they had been duly summoned to appear in court and give evidence as to facts within their knowledge. Such wilful conduct, the judge declared, could not be tolerated, and he instructed the clerk to enter

a fine of ten dollars and costs against each one of the delinquents.

Palaver, as soon as he could get a chance to edge in a word, remarked emphatically that he heartily endorsed the action of the court and was satisfied the public generally would approve of it. "Here I am," said he, "anxious to proceed with the trial of this cause, and my client—who has been languishing in jail for a year—is even more solicitous on the subject than myself, and yet just as we feel confident that we are about to secure a hearing, we find ourselves balked by the inexcusable absence of certain important witnesses, who might have been on hand just as easy as not. Your honor is exactly right," cried Palaver, lifting his voice so as to be heard over the entire court-room, "in teaching these fellows a lesson, and I hope they and others will profit by it. If there were more inflexible judges like your honor in this state, there would be less complaint about laxity in the administration of justice. Undue leniency on the part of the courts makes it impossible to proceed with the people's business, and the failure to enforce prompt trial of causes necessarily leads to mob law, for if the courts will not attend to the people's business, the people will rise up *en masse* and attend to their own business. These interminable delays are ruinous to the best interests of the country, and are well calculated to bring not only courts but the legal profession into contempt. Crime must be punished," proclaimed the lawyer, warming up to his work, "and innocent men under grave imputations must be speedily set at liberty; and how can crime be punished, and innocent men set free, if those summoned to testify wilfully disobey the orders of the court? I speak with feeling on this subject," continued the lawyer, with a touch of pathos in his tone, "and I frankly admit to your honor that my sensibilities in this particular case have been moved. Here is my client, as I have already said, languishing in the common jail with all sorts of low and vile fellows, unfit company for decent men. He is away, far away, if the honorable court please, from the friends of his childhood and his own domestic circle. The gray hairs of his venerable father are now being brought down in sorrow to the grave in consequence of his protracted incarceration. His poor wife is at this moment mourning upon her lonely hearth-

stone, and his little children are clinging about her knees and sobbing piteously for him who returns not. The contemplation of such a picture would be sufficient to touch a heart of stone, and your honor will therefore excuse me if I am somewhat moved as I dwell upon it here."

As Palaver was proceeding in this pathetic strain, the keen-voiced official returned into court with the intelligence that he had been in all the stores and upon the street corners, had indeed searched the town high and low, without discovering any of the absent witnesses. He further stated, giving Sheriff Sanderson as his informant, that most of the witnesses were not under subpoena, as the officers had not been able to find them in the adjoining county, where they were supposed to reside. The clerk substantiated this assertion by producing the subpoenas, which showed that the names of most of the persons sought for had been indorsed by the officers "Not found."

Palaver adjusted his spectacles and examined the subpoenas critically. "Not found! not found!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, where is the sheriff of that county? Where is Sanderson?"

"I'm here, sir," responded that official politely.

"Why were these witnesses not found, sir?" inquired Palaver. "Whose fault was that?"

Sanderson replied respectfully that some of the witnesses named were dead, some had long since moved away from his county, and some, he was of opinion, had never had any existence anywhere.

"Do you know every man in your county?" inquired Palaver severely.

Sanderson admitted that he did not, though he added that his acquaintance was pretty extensive.

"And from your pretty extensive acquaintance, sir, you undertake to say that some of these witnesses never had any existence anywhere?"

"I say to the best of my knowledge and belief," rejoined Sanderson, firmly, "that no such human beings ever lived in my county."

"Ah," replied Palaver, triumphantly, "you modify your statement then, do you, Mr. Sheriff? First, you were quite sure the witnesses lived nowhere on the face of the earth, and now you give it as your opinion that they

do not abide in your county. Which means, I take it, sir, that for some reason satisfactory to yourself, you have not chosen to look for them in your county."

Then without giving Sheriff Sanderson a chance to reply, the lawyer addressed himself to the court: "It is evident, if the honorable court please," said he, "that the statement we have just heard is but a flimsy excuse on the part of this officer for his own remissness. As my witnesses are not here, sir, I shall, of course, have to ask a continuance to the next term, but I wish the case set for the very first day of that term; and I wish, sir, the process put in the hands of some officer who will use his very best endeavor to bring my witnesses into court on the day set. I will now retire, sir, for a few moments and prepare a suitable affidavit in order that the papers in the case may show that I was obliged to ask for, and your honor was obliged to grant, this continuance."

With that the lawyer retired in company with his client. After the lapse of half an hour, he returned with an affidavit as long as his arm, which, having been sworn to by the defendant, he proceeded to read to the court. The judge listened gravely at first, and then with manifest impatience, and when the reading was through announced promptly and emphatically that the allegations in the document were insufficient and the case must proceed to trial. Whereupon Palaver in the presence of the court and bystanders heaved a deep sigh, and said it was a serious thing to put a man on trial for his life when none of his material witnesses were present to testify in his behalf.

The witnesses were then sworn and placed under the rule; that is, they were instructed to retire from the court-room, and to avoid all mention of the case among themselves, or with others, until they were called back to testify before the jury. The jurors who had been summoned for the occasion, an even hundred, were next called over, and a list of their names given to the prisoner's counsel. One by one they were brought to the bar of the court and each examined upon his "*voire dire*." Being first put upon their solemn oaths, they were required to state whether they were householders or freeholders of the county in which the trial was to be had; whether they were in any way related to the prosecutor or the prisoner at the bar; and

whether they had formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of said prisoner. The first two questions were easily answered, but the third oftentimes proved a stumper to the court as well as the juror. The prisoner, as has been said, under the over-cautious law of Tennessee, was given twenty-four peremptory challenges; that is, his counsel could direct two dozen of those summoned as jurors to stand aside without leave of court, and without assigning any reason for his objection. Palaver, however, was by no means content with this liberal provision in his own behalf, but set to work to probe the mind of each man brought forward to the very bottom, and thus ascertain for himself whether he was or was not a competent juror. If the person under investigation turned out to be a complete ignoramus he usually accepted him as one fit to sit on the case at bar, but if he was of even moderate intelligence the lawyer insisted he was incompetent. He harried and worried one after another of those composing the venire until the judge completely lost his temper, and each succeeding clerk as his name was called approached the clerk with trepidation. They were good men in the main, who did not wish to serve anyway, and were perfectly willing when they found themselves drawn into sharp discussion with the lawyer to take the smoothest way out of the difficulty.

"Who has talked with you about this case?" inquired Palaver, fiercely, of an honest farmer, who said in answer to the clerk's question that he had no fixed opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, though like most everybody else he had heard some talk of the Bascombe murder.

"Who has talked with you about this case?" inquired Palaver of the juror.

"Wal, I dunno. Nobody in particular, I reckon. Jess a word here, and a word there, you know."

"Just a word here, and a word there, you say?" responded the lawyer, inching his chair up nearer to the individual whom he sought to bring into trouble.

"Yes, 'bout that way, you know. Jess a little loose talk that didn't signify."

"Didn't signify?" repeated Palaver, in his most sarcastic tone. "Didn't signify? Now, sir, will you please state to me specifically just what this loose talk was that in your opinion didn't signify. Will you state it, sir,

so that I and the judge may determine whether or not it signifies. Can you state it specifically, sir?"

"Wal, squire," replied the unlucky witness, after some hesitation, "I dunno as I kin."

"Dunno as you kin?" repeated Palaver, still more sarcastically, and drawing still nearer the prospective juror. Those behind the rail now began to press forward, being confident from the turn affairs were taking that there was fun ahead. Palaver, of course, noted this demonstration, and was pleased with it. He began now rubbing his hands, and looking first toward his intended victim and then back upon the bystanders, as if to assure them they would not be disappointed.

"Dunno as you kin?" repeated Palaver. "You are the kind of fellow then who cannot be influenced in the least by loose talk, but with whom tight talk goes a long way. Is that it?"

"Mebbe so, squire; mebbe so," replied the discomfited farmer. The crowd here broke into a laugh and a disorderly demonstration which it required a proclamation from the sheriff to quell.

"Tight talk is very persuasive, but loose talk doesn't signify," pursued the facetious attorney. "That's the way of it with you, is it? That's the way of it with you? Now, sir, let us test the accuracy of the conclusion you have reached in this matter. Will you please define for me, sir, precisely the difference between loose talk and tight talk as laid down in your dictionary?"

The juror shook his head. "I wouldn't try to do that, squire," he replied. "I wouldn't try to do that."

"Wouldn't try to do that? Then, sir, I'll ask you another question, and I hope I'll be more fortunate in eliciting a reply. Will you please inform me, sir, whether you actually heard this loose talk that you say was going 'round in your section?"

"Yes, I heard it."

"Actually heard it, did you?"

"Yes, I heard it."

"No mistake about that?"

"No, thar ain't no mistake about it. That is," he added for fear of being led into a trap, "I don't reckon thar's any mistake about it."

At this Palaver laughed. The crowd behind the bar laughed again, and the sheriff a second time admonished them to be quiet.

"You are not deaf, are you?" inquired the lawyer of the witness.

"No, I ain't deaf."

"Then you must have heard it."

"Heerd which?"

"Why, the loose talk that you say was going 'round in your neighborhood."

"Yes, I heard it."

"You are positive?"

"Yes, I'm positive."

"Now, sir," queried the lawyer, assuming an argumentative tone, "I'll ask you if any kind of talk—loose talk or tight talk—can go in at your ear without making some sort of impression on your mind?"

"Which?"

"You have good ears, you say?"

"Yes, pooty good."

"And you have a mind, sir?"

"Oh, yes, I reckon so. Yes, I know in reason I must have. Of course I've got a mind."

"Then, sir, I'll ask you if it's possible for any sort of information to be conveyed through those ears of yours without making an impression upon that mind of yours?"

"Which?"

"Can anything go in at your ears without effecting a lodgment in your mind?"

"No, I reckon not."

"And if anything in the way of information does go in at your ears, and does effect a lodgment in your mind, then you have an opinion, haven't you?"

The judge here heaved a deep groan.

"Under them circumstances I reckon I would. I'd be 'bleeged to have an opinion under them circumstances, wouldn't I, squire?"

"You'd be 'bleeged to have an opinion, would you?"

"Yes, I would."

"You couldn't help it?"

"No, I couldn't help it."

"Now, sir, you say you heard words passing about in your neighborhood on the subject of the Bascombe murder? A word here, and a word there, to use your own expression."

"Yes, I said that."

"And these words found lodgment in your mind?"

"To be sure."

"And made an impression which it would require other testimony to remove?"

"Suttinly."

"Then you have an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner?"

"Wal, now, see here, squire, I—"

"Have you an opinion, or have you not?"

"Wal, now, see here. Accordin' to your way of puttin' the thing—"

"Answer my question; yes or no."

"Have I got an opinion?"

"Ye-ss," with considerable asperity.

"Have you an opinion in your own mind at present as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner? If not, sir, I'll trouble you to tell me—"

"Yes, I reckon I've got some sort of an opinion floatin' round in my mind. I reckon so."

"You admit that now, do you?"

"Yes, I own to that now; though at fust, you see—"

"You have an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner?"

"Yes, I have," responded the tired juror, willing to bring the discussion to an end upon any terms.

"And it would require proof to remove that opinion?"

"Yes, it would."

"I challenge him for cause," cried the triumphant attorney, addressing the court.

"Let him stand aside," said the exasper-

ated judge. "But I'm satisfied he has no opinion in his mind worth a shuck."

So it went all the forenoon, and all the hot afternoon, and what with the twenty-four peremptory challenges for no cause at all, and the limitless number for next to no cause at all, the sun went down, and the court adjourned before twelve good men and lawful had taken their seats in the jury-box. It was evident that Palaver had resolved to try the cause before twelve idiots, if so many could be found in the county, for he managed to get rid of every individual on the venire whose answers indicated that he was of average intelligence, or whom he knew to be of respectable standing in the community. When night came, however, he had exhausted his twenty-four peremptory challenges, and ten jurors had been chosen, so there was reasonable ground for hoping the trial might begin in the forenoon of the following day. The sheriff was instructed to fetch in a fresh panel of jurors, as every one of the original hundred had either been accepted or ordered to stand aside upon one pretext or another.

The witnesses for the state and the prisoner found accommodation for the night as best they could, and resorted to various devices to while away time until the nine o'clock bell should convene court the following morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ALONE IN THE WOODS

HERE in the leafy forest, where the trees
Are rugged with old age, I spend the day;
And I am happy here, for here I may
Be undisturbed by mortals. Scenes like these
Are beautiful indeed, and he who sees
No charms in this green woodland, far away
From haunts of man, has surely gone astray
From nature and from God. All things that please
The senses, in these forest glades I find:
Fair tints that cheer the eye, and soft caress
Of woodland breeze, and sound of woodland kind
And sweet companionship that soothes the mind
As nothing else can sooth, and here I dream
The hours away, in peace and happiness.

Oscar Johnson



HOME AGAIN

SOMETIMES we go away from home,
To stay a night and day or two;
In unaccustomed ways to roam,
And see what other people do.

When we come back, the leghorns call
And fly and push to welcome me,
And down the yard the blossoms all
Lift gayest hues for us to see.

We light the fire, the table spread,
And give the window-plants their drink;
With horse and leghorns housed and fed,
We settle down to talk and think.

But while our smiles and speech reveal
Of what we learned in ways of men,
Within our deepest souls we feel
How good to be back home again!

Cora A. Matson-Dolson

SUMMER SOUPS

THE vivifying and restorative action of soup upon the appetite and digestive organs is thoroughly established. For these

reasons, it is a valuable food, and should be included daily in the dinner menu, its character being determined by what is to follow it. That is to say, if soup constitutes the main dish of the meal, it should be richer than when it precedes a heavy course of meat and other substantial foods.

During the Summer months, soup is often eliminated from the bill of fare along with meat, because many housewives are ignorant of the fact that although in the general acceptance of the word soup is composed of an admixture of meat and vegetables or has for its basis a meat stock, nourishing and delicious soups can be made entirely without flesh of any kind for a basis, as the appended recipes will show:

PUREE OF POTATOES: Boil four large potatoes, two onions, two stalks of celery and a sprig of parsley in two quarts of water until quite soft; then pass the whole through a colander; return to the fire, season to taste with salt and white pepper, stir in two tablespoons of butter creamed with one of flour, add a pint of sweet milk and let boil up once. Then turn into a soup tureen containing one cup of whipped cream.

CREAM OF TAPIOCA: Cover one-third of a cup of tapioca with two cups of cold water and let stand over night. Then add one quart of fresh sweet milk and cook gently for an hour. Add one pint of cream, a minced onion, two stalks of celery cut fine and a small blade of mace. Cook twenty minutes, season with salt and pepper, stir in one tablespoon of butter and serve.

TOMATO SOUP: Stew one quart of tomatoes in one quart of water until quite soft; stir in one teaspoon of soda and allow it to effervesce; then add one quart of boiling milk,

season nicely with salt, pepper and butter, and cook five minutes. A thickening of flour and butter may be added, if desired.

VEGETABLE SOUP: Put three quarts of boiling water over the fire in a soup kettle; add three onions, three potatoes, three large tomatoes and a small head of cabbage, all chopped fine. Cook gently until the vegetables are tender, then stir in one cup cooked rice and one pint stewed corn. Pass the mixture through a colander, return to the fire and boil up once. Then add two tablespoons butter creamed with one of flour, season with salt and pepper, stir in one tablespoon brown sugar, cook five minutes and serve with toasted crackers.

ASPARAGUS SOUP: Cook two bunches of asparagus and a small onion in one quart of water until quite soft, then press through a sieve. Add one quart of hot milk and return to the fire. Let boil up once, season to taste with salt and pepper, and thicken with four tablespoons of butter blended with two tablespoons of flour. Just before serving, add a cup of cream.

RICE AND CELERY SOUP: Boil a small cup of rice in three pints of milk until soft enough to press through a sieve, then add to it the tender white portions of two heads of celery grated; put over the fire with one quart of milk and cook five minutes. Season with two tablespoons of butter and salt and white pepper to taste.

ONION SOUP: Cut fine the white portion of a dozen green onions and cook tender in a pint of boiling water to which has been added a little salt. Then add one quart of rich milk. Boil up once, season with salt, pepper and butter.

CREAM OF CORN SOUP: To each quart of grated corn add three pints of water, and cook tender. Then stir in two tablespoons of butter blended with one of flour. Boil five minutes, season with salt and pepper and add one pint of boiling milk.

CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP: Pick over and wash clean two quarts of spinach, then cook tender in one quart of water, and rub through a purée sieve. Add to it one quart of boiling milk, place over the fire, add a thickening of two tablespoons of butter creamed with one of flour, cook five minutes, season with salt and pepper, and serve.

Katherine E. McGee

WOMEN'S EXCHANGES

IT is often thoughtlessly said that women exist only to be supported by men. No well-worn saying is farther from the truth. The work of women, though indeed less exploited, is none the less valuable, nay, indispensable. An old rhyme pithily says, "Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done." And this applies not only to the ordinary routine of life, but to the priceless influence of mothers and sisters over the younger generation. Her sphere has wonderfully widened and deepened, not only since the coming of Christianity, which emancipated her from slavery, but notably and with increasing steadiness during the past century, till, notwithstanding the extravagances and mistakes of so-called "woman's rights," she has come to realize the sphere of woman's duties—a far more important thing. She is at the heart of the family, and the

church is largely made up of her sex—it is only positions in the state that are usurped by men, and much of the latter's power is stimulated by the influence of good women. As a rule, women are very modest and unpretentious, and their way is not won by vulgar advertising, and is often quite unrecognized except by results accomplished.

Perhaps in no channel in recent years, aside from literary, religious or purely benevolent work, has she shown herself more capable or successful than in woman's exchanges, until in some form or under one name or another, they have multiplied till they are now spread over large tracts of the country, not only in large centers, but on a smaller scale in lesser cities, towns and even villages through the eastern, central and western states. In Boston and New York their work has been particularly successful and beneficent. The Women's Educational and Industrial Association of Boston was organized in 1880, and has grown to be a great power for good. It has a long roll of influential directors and officers, with printed annual reports. It supports regular lecture courses on hygienic and educational topics, and at times has given large fairs to befriend the women public, thus increasing its revenues for distribution. But its usual work is more quiet, intimate and personal. Here and in New York the city is divided into districts, each under the immediate supervision of a competent and experienced woman, and thus responsibility is definitely located and success attained.

Lest such work, however, seem too vast or vague to be readily understood, let us take an average example of the work of such societies, an exchange in a small New England city, which has developed its work from small beginnings to a considerable size in the twelve months last past. It was started without flourish of trumpets by a modest, retiring but thoroughly competent business-woman, who had sustained some financial reverses and borne many trials through severe and long-continued sicknesses in her family, which, to an ordinary woman, would have been quite sufficient to deter her from further and outside effort. She began by opening the library of her home as a room for the collection of art work by women to be sold for their mutual benefit. She adopted the name of The Woman's Art Exchange and Industrial

Union," and issued printed tickets of membership at one dollar each, payable annually, bearing the owner's name and not transferable. There were no cumbrous articles of association or legal formalities. At first the art feature was emphasized, and indeed there was little else. But the idea grew in strength, and soon it was found necessary to develop the industrial feature by converting her laundry rooms into a domestic and kitchen department, which soon almost supplanted the art feature. Consignors were added from time to time as the scheme grew in knowledge and favor, and at the end of a year some 120 consignors' tickets had been issued. Any consignor is entitled to contribute for sale by the exchange any article, culinary or artistic, of her own making, and the exchange is entitled to a percentage of ten per cent. on the sales, sometimes adding a further percentage, to be paid by the purchaser. No article of women's handicraft is rejected, after inspection by the management to test its worthiness.

Monthly settlements are made with the consignors. All varieties of bread, cake, pies, jellies and preserves are accepted, and in the art department all the products of woman's handiwork, from oil paintings and decorated china to bed coverings, embroideries, needlework of all kinds and burned wood work and designs in leather and basketry. Duplicate lists are required to be furnished by consignors of all work consigned, and each of them has her registered number, and a personal debit and credit account is kept. The goods are always kept insured against fire and theft.

After an eight-month experience, the work had so increased that the house was no longer adequate to hold and display the goods, and rooms were rented nearer the center of the city, which in their turn were soon abandoned for a larger and more central and commodious apartment, on the second floor of a large mercantile building, directly opposite the railway station, and close to the waiting room of the electric street railway. A force of four assistants, all women, is now employed, beside the manager herself, who still retains the constant oversight. An employers' agency, with a directory, has been added for the mutual benefit of mistresses and servants, and this feature has been found very satisfactory. The exchange is intended to act

as a friendly intermediary, the charge for service being merely nominal.

The goods are tastefully displayed under glass show-cases and on tables and walls about the room, and it is desired to make the quarters, which are on the main line of the street cars, a convenient spot for meeting and resting while shopping here or elsewhere. One end of the large room is screened off for cooking, and a daily printed menu is provided of eatables and dainties at very moderate prices. Quite lately the privilege has been secured from the railway managers to send uniformed boys to meet all incoming trains, carrying sandwiches daintily wrapped in paraffine paper, and pure Jersey milk in bottles, delivered on trays for the refreshment of passengers *en route*.

The plan has now reached that point which necessitates the transference of its management from a person to a corporation with divided personal responsibility, and a meeting of the consignors has been called for organization, for that purpose. The idea has certainly and abundantly justified the original right and claim to existence and support, and has proved that, as "large oaks from little acorns grow," so large results will flow from the patient, quiet and unremitting labors of associated women.

Edward Lowe Temple

SALADS FOR HOT DAYS

CUCUMBER AND TOMATO SALAD:—Wash and crisp one head of lettuce. Pare a sufficient number of fine cucumbers and place in ice water for an hour. Pour boiling water over two or three ripe but firm tomatoes, then remove the skins and stand them in pounded ice to chill. At serving time, arrange the light green leaves on individual salad plates; cut the cucumbers first into thick rounds, then into quarters, heap in the center of the leaves and sprinkle lightly with salt and white pepper. Cut the tomatoes into thin lengthwise sections and use as a garnish. Over all pour a good salad dressing.

MACEDOINE SALAD: For this most appetizing dish use remnants of cold cooked vegetables in palatable proportions; or, dice one cold cooked carrot, one beet and one potato; cut a few cold cooked string beans and asparagus tips into half-inch lengths. Toss all together lightly, add a few cold stewed peas and a small onion chopped very fine, marinate with French dressing and stand on ice to chill. Then heap in tiny mounds on crisped lettuce leaves for individual serving; dress with mayonnaise and garnish with radish ribbons. To make these "ribbons," cut a small turnip-shaped breakfast radish round and round into thin narrow strips, being careful not to break the strips.

COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD WITH TOMATOES: Break the cheese into grains, moisten with rich, sweet cream, season with salt and white pepper, and rub with the back of a silver spoon until thoroughly blended. Wash fine, ripe tomatoes and cut into thick slices. Place each slice on an

individual salad plate and cover it with the cheese, well heaped toward the center. Dress with mayonnaise and garnish with sprigs of water cress.

SHREDDED CABBAGE SALAD: Select firm, white cabbage, shred very fine with a sharp knife and sprinkle lightly with salt and white pepper. Rub the yolks of three hard boiled eggs smooth, then blend with them two table-spoons sugar, one of ground mustard and one-half cup of butter slightly warmed. Stir this mixture lightly through the cabbage, then add a cup of good vinegar. Cut the whites of the eggs into rings for garnishing the salad, placing in the center of each ring a tiny beet cube cut from cold cooked beet.

BEET AND POTATO SALAD: Cook four medium-sized blood beets tender; plunge them into cold water and remove the skins. Chill on ice; cut into small cubes and sprinkle lightly with salt and sugar. Have ready four cold boiled potatoes, diced and salted to taste. Wash and crisp the inside leaves of a head of lettuce, and line a flat salad bowl with them. In the center of the bowl heap the diced potatoes, surround with a border of beet cubes, and dress the whole with a rich salad dressing.

CAULIFLOWER SALAD: Remove the outside green leaves from a small head of cauliflower; cut it into quarters; then let it lie in salt water for an hour, to destroy any possible insect life or eggs not dislodged by washing. Drain, tie in a clean cheese-cloth bag, and cook one hour in boiling water to which has been added one teaspoon of salt. When done, take from the bag, break into flowerets and chill on ice. At serving time, line a salad bowl with crisped lettuce leaves, heap the cauliflower in the center, dress with French dressing, and garnish with tiny cheese balls.

SPINACH SALAD: Wash the spinach through several waters, or until free from grit, and cut off the stalks; then boil it in a closely covered saucepan without water for thirty minutes. Drain and chop fine with a sharp knife. Add the chopped whites of two eggs and marinate with French dressing. Have ready a sufficient number of individual molds or small cups. In the bottom of each place a slice of cold hard boiled egg; fill up with spinach, packing in closely. Stand in the refrigerator to chill; then unmold and serve on a bed of lettuce leaves. Dress with mayonnaise.

A BREAKFAST SALAD: Hull and rinse one quart of fine strawberries. Pare three oranges and break into thin sections, taking care to remove each portion of the white fiber. Place the strawberries in the center of a salad bowl and garnish with the orange sections. Pour over the whole the juice of a lemon and sprinkle with sugar.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR EACH LITTLE HELP FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

A LAMP HINT

By MRS. J. H. SNEIDER

White Bear Lake, Minnesota

Pray the lower end of a lamp-wick about an inch and it will give a brighter and stronger light.

FOR USERS OF SPECTACLES

By G. O. M.

Tacoma, Washington

To prevent the sudden clouding of eye-glasses, in change of atmosphere, on entering the warm store or car from the cold street: wash the glasses or spectacles in warm, soapy water. The instrument men in the surveyors' camp on Puget Sound find this a help to their instruments in the fogs of early Spring.

AN ECONOMICAL HINT

By HARRIET L. SISSON

Unadilla Forks, New York

Do you know that apples for pies are much better if not pected? In mince pies, especially, as the skin adds wonderfully and both the meat and apples may be cut with the Enterprise meat chopper. When apples are worth one dollar a bushel, this is worth trying.

FRIED MUSH

By MRS. M. J. BAILEY

Custer, South Dakota

When making mush for frying put a little milk in the water. It makes the mush fry a much nicer brown.

REMEDIES FOR POISONS

By HELEN M. HOBBS

Los Angeles, California

Here are a few ideas that all who expect to go to the mountains for their vacation would do well to remember:

Chloroform is a sure cure for rattle-snake as well as all other snake bites. It will cure even if not used for several hours, though the sooner the better. Bind a cloth over the wound and wet thoroughly with chloroform. Repeat several times. The bottle may be carried inside of one's waist. I never left our tent without it.

For poison oak dissolve one teaspoonful of concentrated lye in one quart of boiling water. Cool and use when ready to go out on a tramp, washing the hands, face, ears and neck with it. One of us forgot to apply it to her neck, consequently the eruption appeared there and nowhere else.

For bee stings and bites of poisonous spiders apply concentrated ammonia.

TOMATOES

By MRS. CAROLINE VINTON HENRY

Chicago, Illinois

Tomatoes should be freely used when in season. Served ice-cold on a hot morning, with a little olive oil, salt and pepper, they cool the system and refresh appetite.

Peeled, sliced and stuffed with minced onion and bits of cucumber and their own pulp, in crisp lettuce leaves, with a heaping spoonful of mayonnaise on each, we have a salad that is tempting for mid-day luncheon. Peeled, chilled and left whole, with mayonnaise, they are a delicious dinner salad.

A sharp knife should be used to pare them. I do not approve of pouring hot water over them to remove the skins. Put them on ice and chill them thoroughly.

Stuffed tomatoes: Choose firm, round tomatoes, cut a small piece off the stem end and scoop out all the seeds, sprinkle the interior with salt and turn upside down to drain. Equal parts of chopped meat and boiled rice makes a good filling. The seasoning must suit the filling. Onion juice and chopped parsley and a few drops of catsup are generally liked; moisten with melted butter, fill the shells with the selected mixture and bake until tender, but do not allow them to lose their shape.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

By Ellis Dorr Kinsman

HE was a well-known business-man,
Who at the restaurant table sat,
Nor noticed that a handsome girl
In jaunty continental hat
Another table near him chose,
Oblivious — as I'm a sinner
Of everything in sight except
The daily paper and his dinner.

She ordered—well, t'was something light—
A modest lunch as women will
When dining solus, finishing
Just as her neighbor paid his bill.
His coat from off the rack he took
And quickly donned it—then his tile,
But when he his umbrella seized,
She stopped him with an icy smile.

"Your pardon, sir,—my parasol—
I'm very positive it's mine;
You'll find my name upon the band
Engraved in script—*Amelia Klein.*"
He stared, as waking from a dream;
Then, comprehending what she said,
Intent the ferule scanned — 'twas hers!
And blushes all his face o'erspread.

"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle—
The name is on it, as you say;"
He handed it — "but mine so much
Resembles it"—she snapped "Good day!"
And then his memory recalled
That his umbrella, maimed and rent
In a late gale, to hospital
With other cripples he had sent
For full repairs. Shifting his watch,
'I'll call and get them all today,"
He mused, "for they'll be needed soon;
Another storm is on the way."

It happened that when his car he took,
(The sheaf of parasols so fine
In renovated silken guise
Beneath his arm) Amelia Klein
(The car was full,) stood near the door.
He cast a glance along the aisle,
But failed, as he had done before
To notice her within the file.

His destination reached at last,
She touched him with her well-gloved hand,
And gazing with derisive scorn
At the umbrellas he had spanned,
Remarked: "Your business seems to pay;
For after all, my thrifty friend,
You've had a most successful day —
You'll have umbrellas now to lend."

THE GIRL AT THE GATE

By L. M. Montgomery

CAVENDISH, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA

SOMETHING very strange happened the night old Mr. Lawrence died. I have never been able to explain it and I have never spoken of it except to one person and she said that I dreamed it. I did not dream it . . . I saw and heard, waking.

We had not expected Mr. Lawrence to die then. He did not seem very ill . . . not nearly so ill as he had been during his previous attack. When we heard of his illness I went over to Woodlands to see him, for I had always been a great favorite with him. The big house was quiet, the servants going about their work as usual, without any appearance of excitement. I was told that I could not see Mr. Lawrence for a little while, as the doctor was with him. Mrs. Yeats, the housekeeper, said the attack was not serious and asked me to wait in the blue parlor; but I preferred to sit down on the steps of the big, arched front door. It was an evening in June. Woodlands was very lovely; to my right was the garden and before me was a little valley abrim with the sunset. In places under the big trees it was quite dark even then.

There was something unusually still in the evening . . . a stillness as of waiting. It set me thinking of the last time Mr. Lawrence had been ill . . . nearly a year ago in August. One night during his convalescence I had watched by him to relieve the nurse. He had been sleepless and talkative, telling me many things about his life. Finally he told me of Margaret.

I knew a little about her. . . . that she had been his sweetheart and had died very young. Mr. Lawrence had remained true to her memory ever since, but I had never heard him speak of her before.

"She was very beautiful," he said dreamily, "and she was only eighteen when she died, Jeanette. She had wonderful pale golden hair and dark brown eyes. I have a little

ivory miniature of her. When I die it is to be given to you, Jeanette. I have waited a long while for her. You know she promised she would come."

I did not understand his meaning and kept silence, thinking that he might be wandering a little in his mind.

"She promised she would come and she will keep her word," he went on. "I was with her when she died. I held her in my arms. She said to me, 'Herbert, I promise that I will be true to you forever, through as many years of lonely heaven as I must know before you come. And when your time is at hand I will come to make your deathbed easy as you have made mine. I will come, Herbert.' She solemnly promised, Jeanette. We made a death-tryst of it. And I know she will come."

He had fallen asleep then and after his recovery he had not alluded to the matter again. I had forgotten it but I recalled it now as I sat on the steps among the geraniums that June evening. I liked to think of Margaret . . . the lovely girl who had died so long ago, taking her lover's heart with her to the grave. She had been a sister of my grandfather and people told me that I resembled her slightly. Perhaps that was why old Mr. Lawrence had always made such a pet of me.

Presently the doctor came out and nodded to me cheerily. I asked him how Mr. Lawrence was.

"Better . . . better," he said briskly. "He will be all right tomorrow. The attack was very slight. Yes, of course you may go in. Don't stay longer than half an hour."

Mrs. Stewart, Mr. Lawrence's sister, was in the sick-room when I went in. She took advantage of my presence to lie down on the sofa a little while, for she had been up all the preceding night. Mr. Lawrence turned his fine old silver head on the pillow and smiled a

greeting. He was a very handsome old man; neither age nor illness had marred his finely modelled face or impaired the flash of his keen, steel-blue eyes. He seemed quite well and talked naturally and easily of many commonplace things.

At the end of the doctor's half-hour I rose to go. Mrs. Stewart had fallen asleep and he would not let me wake her, saying he needed nothing and felt like sleeping himself. I promised to come up again on the morrow and went out.

It was dark in the hall, where no lamp had been lighted, but outside on the lawn the moonlight was bright as day. It was the clearest, whitest night I ever saw. I turned aside into the garden, meaning to cross it, and take the short way over the west meadow home. There was a long walk of rose bushes leading across the garden to a little gate on the further side . . . the way Mr. Lawrence had been wont to take long ago when he went over the fields to woo Margaret. I went along it, enjoying the night. The bushes were white with roses and the ground under my feet was all snowed over with their petals. The air was still and breezeless; again I felt that sensation of waiting . . . of expectancy. As I came up to the little gate I saw a young girl standing on the other side of it. She stood in the full moonlight and I saw her distinctly.

She was tall and slight and her head was bare. I saw that her hair was a pale gold, shining somewhat strangely about her head as if catching the moonbeams. Her face was very lovely and her eyes large and dark. She was dressed in something white and softly shimmering and in her hand she held a white rose . . . a very large and perfect one. Even at the time I found myself wondering where she could have picked it. It was not a Woodlands rose. All the Woodlands roses were smaller and less double.

She was a stranger to me, yet I felt that I had seen her or someone very like her before. Possibly she was one of Mr. Lawrence's many nieces who might have come up to Woodlands upon hearing of his illness.

As I opened the gate I felt an odd chill of positive fear. Then she smiled as if I had spoken my thought.

"Do not be frightened," she said. "There is no reason you should be frightened. I have only come to keep a tryst."

The words reminded me of something, but I could not recall what it was. The strange fear that was on me deepened. I could not speak.

She came through the gateway and stood for a moment at my side.

"It is strange that you should have seen me," she said, "but now behold how strong and beautiful a thing is faithful love—strong enough to conquer death. We who have loved truly love always—and this makes our heaven."

She walked on after she had spoken, down the long rose path. I watched her until she reached the house and went up the steps. In truth I thought the girl was someone not quite in her right mind. When I reached home I did not speak of the matter to anyone, not even to inquire who the girl might possibly be. There seemed to be something in that strange meeting that demanded my silence.

The next morning word came that old Mr. Lawrence was dead. When I hurried down to Woodlands I found all in confusion, but Mrs. Yeats took me into the blue parlor and told me what little there was to tell.

"He must have died soon after you left him, Miss Jeanette," she sobbed, "for Mrs. Stewart awakened at ten o'clock and he was gone. He lay there, smiling, with such a strange look on his face as if he had just seen something that made him wonderfully happy. I never saw such a look on a dead face before."

"Who is here besides Mrs. Stewart?" I asked.

"Nobody," said Mrs. Yeats. "We have sent word to all his friends but they have not had time to arrive here yet."

"I met a young girl in the garden last night," I said slowly. "She came into the house. I did not know her but I thought she must be a relative of Mr. Lawrence's."

Mrs. Yeats shook her head.

"No. It must have been somebody from the village, although I didn't know of anyone calling after you went away."

I said nothing more to her about it.

After the funeral Mrs. Stewart gave me Margaret's miniature. I had never seen it or any picture of Margaret's before. The face was very lovely—also strangely like my own, although I am not beautiful. It was the face of the young girl I had met at the gate!

NOTE and COMMENT

A COMMODITY WITHOUT A MEASURE

By Egbert T. Bush

A MAN goes into a grocery store, throws down a quarter, and walks off with a pound of coffee. There is no question about it; he knows what he has bought and how much.

Then he goes to the book-seller and lays down his dollar and a half—always a dollar and a half—for what he has been led to believe is the real thing in literature, and proudly takes his purchase home, congratulating himself on his taste and discernment in literary matters. This time there is room for reasonable doubt. Of all the queer things to be found in the market, literature is the queerest. One can never be quite sure whether he has the real article or only a make-believe.

Perhaps the very next day the purchaser reads a caustic criticism, proving to somebody's entire satisfaction that his treasure is not literature at all, but something very different. Poor man! Between the claims that it is high-grade literature and the claims that it is not literature of any grade, how is he to determine what he has purchased? The only thing that he can reasonably do—the very thing that he will do if he happens to be a sensible man—is to enjoy his purchase in his own way, letting others think what they may and say what they please.

Literature cannot be weighed in the scales or measured in a bushel, and even the yardstick does not apply. It is a commodity without an accepted standard or unit of measurement. Every reader has his own, differing materially from that of every other.

These somewhat heretical observations are called forth by noting the diversity of opinion among competent critics concerning the literary merit of various recent productions. Mrs. Wharton's "The House of Mirth" has received a generous share of praise; but no less an authority than Mrs. Atherton handles it without gloves. One critic says of a recent publication, "It is great"; another, "It is passable"; still another, "It is trash."

Every one of these critics ought to know. Now, what are we ordinary mortals to do? How are we to determine whether a thing is literature or merely lettered slush?

When "David Harum" was sent back with "regrets that we cannot make you an offer on it," somebody blundered; when a great house was induced to issue any one of several books that might be selected from the recent output, it is barely possible that somebody blundered a great deal worse.

One competent critic says of a novel published not long ago: "The book is not worth while. The story is virtually told in the first thirty pages. Why read twenty chapters to find out what you can guess at the end of the second?" Another, supposed to be equally competent, says of the same work: "The interest never flags. The story holds you to the end with a grip which you could not shake off if you would."

Who is to decide?

When the writer first saw as a reprint in a daily paper that peculiar trifle, "A Message to Garcia," the little thing took right hold

and held on. It was cut out and submitted to a more competent critic, whose opinion reinforced my own. Then it was handed to a bright young lady with decidedly literary tastes. She held it a month and then came back accompanied by another, and blushing said: "We have read this thing over and over. We are sure there must be something in it, but we are so stupid that we can't find it."

The millions of copies circulated in a dozen languages seem to indicate that somebody found something in it. Yet the young ladies had no reason to consider themselves stupid because they could not see the hit. Doubtless many of the best editors in the country would have agreed with them before the "Message" won its way; and it is not improbable that some of them are of the same opinion still. There are, no doubt, people of excellent literary taste and judgment who still hold that neither "David Harum" nor the "Message" can properly be called literature. They may be right; but if these are not good literature, they are at least good illustrations.

All this merely shows that much depends on how a thing strikes the reader, and partially accounts for the strange rejection of some excellent material and acceptance of other that, to some, seems utterly worthless. Editors and professional readers are just like the rest of us—possibly a little more that way. If our work does not strike them right it may get less than it deserves; if it does, there is a chance for it to get a great deal more. We should never forget that we owe these censors not only our sympathy, but the

thanks which it is sometimes hard to give. They are good friends, often, in disguise; they reject our manuscripts and save our reputations.

How critics differ in their estimation of poetry! One condemns a poem if it does not flow as smoothly and with as little gurgling as oil from the neck of a bottle; another, preferring to hear the splashing of the water and now and then the roaring of the cataract, condemns it if it does.

In the early days of Whitman harsh things were generally said of his strange and measureless verse. It was not poetry; it was not decent prose. "Indecent" and "immoral" were some of the milder missiles hurled at this strange new grazer in poetic fields.

Today Whitman is becoming something of a literary wonder. "Essentially religious," says a foreign critic, and lauds our quaint old poet to the skies. Critics on both sides of the Atlantic are vying with each other in reading into his lines meanings which he probably never intended, and beauties of which, perhaps, he never dreamed.

All this diversity does not prove critical opinions of no value. It does prove that there are as many shades of opinion as there are readers, all more or less valuable and all having a dual basis—the book and the reader.

It is better so. Nothing could be more disastrous than sameness of literary taste and discernment, which must inevitably lead to a literary dead level. When, ages and ages ago, an angered god flung the measure into the sea, he did a righteous deed. Lack of standard is the life of literature.

